

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

No. 1394.—February 18, 1871.

CONTENTS.

1. THE MALMESBURY PAPERS,	<i>British Quarterly Review</i> ,	451
2. SEED-TIME AND HARVEST: OF DURING MY AP- PRENTICESHIP. Part VIII. Translated for The Living Age from the Platt-Deutsch of	<i>Fritz Reuter</i> ,	465
3. SHEARING IN RIVERINA, NEW SOUTH WALES, .	<i>Cornhill Magazine</i> ,	473
4. THE DRESSMAKERS,	<i>Good Words</i> ,	485
5. QUARRELLING. By the Author of "Friends in Council,"	<i>Contemporary Review</i> ,	494
6. BORROWING TROUBLE,	<i>All the Year Round</i> ,	502
7. NOISE,	<i>Saturday Review</i> ,	505
8. THE SO-CALLED LATIN RACE. By Francis Lie- ber,	<i>N. Y. Evening Post</i> ,	507
9. GENERAL SCHENCK'S MISSION,	<i>Economist</i> ,	509

POETRY.

MUSIC OF THE SEA,	450	DAFFODILS,	450
NOW AND EVER,	450	BURNS,	511
THE LUGUBRIOUS CLOWN,	450		

SHORT ARTICLES AND MISCELLANY, 484, 498, 512

NUMBERS OF THE LIVING AGE WANTED. The publishers are in want of Nos. 1179 and 1180 (dated respectively Jan. 5th and Jan. 12th, 1867) of THE LIVING AGE. To subscribers, or others, who will do us the favor to send us either or both of those numbers, we will return an equivalent, either in our publications or in cash, until our wants are supplied.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
LITTELL & GAY, BOSTON.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

FOR EIGHT DOLLARS, remitted directly to the Publishers, the LIVING AGE will be punctually forwarded for a year, free of postage. But we do not prepay postage on less than a year, nor where we have to pay commission for forwarding the money.

Price of the First Series, in Cloth, 36 volumes, 90 dollars.

" " Second " " 20 " 50 "

" " Third " " 32 " 80 "

The Complete Work, 100 " 250 "

Any Volume Bound, 3 dollars; Unbound, 2 dollars. The sets, or volumes, will be sent at the expense of the publishers.

PREMIUMS FOR CLUBS.

For 5 new subscribers (\$40.), a sixth copy; or a set of HORNE'S INTRODUCTION TO THE BIBLE, un-
abridged, in 4 large volumes, cloth, price \$10; or any 5 of the back volumes of the LIVING AGE, in num-
bers, price \$10.

MUSIC OF THE SEA.

THE gray, unresting sea,
Adown the bright and belting shore,
Breaking in untold melody,
Makes music evermore.

Centuries of vanished time,
Since this glad earth's primeval morn,
Have heard the grand unpausing chime,
Momently new-born.

Like as in cloistered piles,
Rich bursts of massive sounds upswell,
Ringing along dim-lighted aisles,
With a spirit-trancing spell;

So on the surf-white strand,
Chants of deep peal the sea-waves raise,
Like voices from a viewless land,
Hymning a hymn of praise.

By times in thunder notes,
The blooming billows shoreward surge;
By times a silver laugh it floats;
By times a low, soft dirge.

Souls more ennobled grow,
Listing the worldly anthem rise;
Discords are drowned in the great flow
Of Nature's harmonies.

Men change, and "ceases to be,"
And empires rise, and grow, and fall;
But the weird music of the sea
Lives, and outlives them all.

The mystic song shall last
Till time itself no more shall be;
Till seas and shore have pass'd,
Lost in eternity.

Once a Week.

NOW AND EVER.

ASK what you will, my own and only Love;
For, to love's service true,
Your least wish sways me as from worlds above,
And I yield all to you,
Who are the only She,
And in one girl all womanhood to me.

— Yet some things e'en to thee I cannot yield!
As that one gift, by which
On the still morning in the woodside field,
Thou mad'st existence rich,
Who wast the only She,
And in one girl all womanhood to me.

We had talk'd long; and then a silence came;
And in the topmost firs
To his nest the white dove floated like a flame;
And my lips closed on hers
Who was the only She,
And in one girl all womanhood to me.

Since when my heart lies by her heart, — not
now
Could I 'twixt hers and mine.
Nor the most love-skill'd Angel, choose, — so
thou
In vain would ask for thine!
— Who art the only She,
And in one girl, all womanhood to me.
From London Society. F. T. PALGRAVE.

THE LUGUBRIOUS CLOWN.

I THOUGHT I had the mind mankind to school,
Among the wise I hoped to shine, a star;
Whereas it is my lot to play the fool,
And holloa "How d'ye do?" and "Here
we are!"

Ay! "How d'ye do?" That is not much to
say,
Regarded with a superficial view,
For every fool knows how he does to-day;
But how d'ye do to-morrow? tell me, you.

And "Here we are!" Yes, here, indeed are
we:
But we were not here once. Where were we
then?
Where else, when we are not here, shall we be?
Shall we, next year, cry "Here we are
again!"

Punch.

DAFFODILS.

I QUESTION with the amber daffodils,
Sheeting the floors of April, how she fares;
Where king-cup buds glow out between the rills,
And celandine in wide gold beadlets glares.

By pastured brows and swelling hedge-row bow-
ers
From crumpled leaves the primrose bunches
slip,
My hot face roll'd in their faint-scented flowers,
I dream her rich cheek rests beside my lip.

All weird sensations of the fervent prime
Are like great harmonies, whose touch can
move
The glow of gracious impulse: thought and time
Renew my love with life, my life with love.

When this old world new-born puts glories on,
I cannot think she never will be won.

Good Words

From The British Quarterly Review.

THE MALMESBURY PAPERS.*

FROM 1745 to 1820 — this was the lifetime of James Harris, afterwards first Earl of Malmesbury; and such is the period over which the subject-matter of these two works extends. A more memorable period is not to be found in the annals of this country, or even in the long and more momentous history of Europe. It bridges the chasm which separates the old world of Europe from the new. It shows us that elder world in its last stage; it also shows us the beginning of that new and better order of things amongst which we now live. In the earlier period of those seventy-five years, we see the thrones of Louis the Fifteenth, of Frederick the Great, and Catherine of Russia, standing high above the heads of a crushed and miserable people, who counted for nothing either in their policy or in their pleasures. The simple facts of that old *régime* of royal absolutism now read like a monstrous dream. Vice and despotism in the palace, license and intrigue at the Court, penury in the cottage, and degradation everywhere, such is hardly an exaggeration of the general condition of the Continent at that time, and simple truth as regards France, who then, as since, boasted her leadership of civilization. As is always the case in analogous periods, the people themselves had sunk into a moral torpor. There were no national movements or aspirations. Religion, freedom, and the thirst for military conquest, are the three great motive powers of humanity. But all of these were then dead or in abeyance. Humanity had settled on its lees. Even mental philosophy, which so often flourishes in such dead times of a nation's history, threw its teachings into the scale in favour of an ignoble life; and while a pitiless Scepticism robbed men of heaven and all their religious beliefs, Materialism bade

them "eat, drink, and be merry, for tomorrow ye die" *for ever*, like the trees of the wood and the beasts of the field. While Philosophy robbed man of his moral freedom and a future life, Royalty denied him his personal and political liberty and plundered his pockets. In truth, the whole upper crust of society had become heartless, debased, and corrupt, while beneath was a seething mass of suffering, ignorance, and savagery. And so the upper crust, with king, priests, and nobles — crowns, crosiers, and coronets gave way and fell into an abyss of devouring fire, like that which burst up of yore beneath Sodom and Gomorrah, devastating the corrupt Cities of the Plain. The old world of Europe was cast into the furnace, and all things became new — Providence overruling the wrath of man to its own wise and merciful ends.

All history is an ennobling study, alike in its events and its examples; but life is short, and it is the French Revolution that commences the period of history of deepest importance to the present age. Beyond that chasm, so rudely severing the old world of Europe from the new, lies the realm of the historian; on this side begins a drama of opinions and events constituting by far the most useful field of study in secular and political knowledge. Changed since then, and still changing, as are the territorial arrangements of Europe, the conquests of Napoleon contributed greatly to the rise of the principle of Nationality which is now the great power at work in the alteration of boundaries and the shaping of kingdoms. It is true, Napoleon meant to conquer only for himself and for France. He sought to found a vast empire, with vassal kingdoms under the rule of his brothers and relatives. But in establishing this empire, he swept away a great deal of the obstructive rubbish of the former time. By expelling the Germans from Italy, and also by creating a titular King of Rome, he paved the way for the subsequent aspirations and movement of the Italians in favour of nationality and independence, which have at length borne their full fruits in the establishment of a free and united Italy. In like manner, by sweeping away a whole host of petty

* 1. *Diaries and Correspondence of James Harris, first Earl of Malmesbury*. Edited by his Grandson, the Third Earl. 4 vols. Second edition. London: 1845.

2. *Letters of the first Earl of Malmesbury, his Family, and Friends, from 1745 to 1820*. Edited, with Notes, &c., by his Grandson, the Right Hon. the EARL OF MALMESBURY, G.C.B. 2 vols. London: 1870.

principedoms in Germany, he simplified the subsequent course of events towards a unification of Germany; while the iron despotism which he exercised in that country first compelled all Germans to feel the tie of brotherhood, in the glorious uprising of the Fatherland in 1813 against the foreign foe. Poland, too, during the ascendancy of Napoleon, temporarily (but only for the great conqueror's own purposes) regained in part its old existence, thereby keeping alive the hope for renewed independence; a hope which, improbable as our expectation may seem, we think will yet be realized amid the great trouble, and changes impending over the Continent. But still more memorable, and worthy of thoughtful study, are the times of the French Revolution, from the influence which they have produced upon the current of political, social, and religious thought, in subsequent times. A whole flood of new ideas, principles, and opinions was then poured upon the world. Some of these were wise and good, others were detestable, but nearly all of them were given to the world in so crude a form and in so savage or ruthless a spirit, as to make them as a whole so repulsive that even yet some of their excellencies are but little known or acknowledged. Every one recognizes, however, the vast influence which that grand and terrible Revolution has exercised upon the whole current of subsequent thought; and if Europe has yet to undergo one more great upheaving of democratic revolution (as we believe it has), we may rely upon it that some of the more extreme and, at present, all but forgotten dogmas of the first revolution will again appear on the scene; including, we regret to say, that terrible development of infidelity and materialism, against which even Robespierre himself, with his firm belief in the Supreme Being and a future life, was unable successfully to contend. That storm of blasphemy and utter scepticism, in its worst features at least, soon blew over — and let us trust that such will be the case again; but any one who has watched the turn of thought on the Continent, and in Germany even more than in France, must expect any new outburst of democratic revolution to be accompanied

by a manifesto of infidelity and an attempt to banish religion from the fabric and principles of society, in a manner only too similar to that which formed the worst feature of the first French Revolution.

The first Earl of Malmesbury was in public life for the greater part of the time holding the highest diplomatic appointments abroad, during the whole course of these momentous events. From a vantage-ground enjoyed by few men either of this or any other country, he beheld the Courts and peoples of Europe both before the deluge and after it; and although he withdrew from public office before the termination of the great war with France, he continued to the end to be confidentially consulted by the Ministers of the time. The first of the two works whose titles are prefixed is by far the most valuable and important. All the leading men of the day — monarchs, statesmen, and generals — figure constantly in the diaries and correspondence. The work has been quoted with advantage to history by some of our ablest writers, and not least so by Lord Stanhope, in his "Life of Pitt." It constitutes a mine of historical and political facts; and though published too late to be made use of by our chief historians of the French war and of the immediately preceding times of the Empress Catherine and Frederick the Great, its value is fully recognized by the writers of the personal and political memoirs which have recently issued from the press. The second of the works on our list is of a lighter character, in which the incidents of fashionable life mingle largely with matters of State and Parliamentary politics. The one work shows us the grand movements of the time, the other gives us the bye-play. The latter, to which we chiefly confine our remarks, is a selection from private letters received by three generations of the Harris family. They are confidential exchanges of intelligence and ideas, in which the hopes and fears, the expectations, disappointments, and impressions of our ancestors are given in the very words in which they were described. The noble editor of these letters calls them "waifs of the past," but they possess a twofold interest, firstly, as illustrating the opinions and social habits of that past

time; and secondly, they are reliable indications of what public feeling was at their date with regard to politics, society, and the general condition of our own and foreign countries:—

"And how eventful those years were," says the editor. "They saw the Highland rebellion; the American war; the despotic Courts of the Bourbons, of Catherine, and of Frederick; the great French revolution, and its subsequent phases of a bloody republic, an aggressive empire, an ephemeral restoration, and again of a short empire and a second restoration. They witnessed the struggles of our English people for greater freedom, even from the privileges claimed by their own House of Commons; and lastly, a far fiercer contest to save their country from the subjugation under which for a time Napoleon held every nation in Europe except theirs."

The chief recipient of the earlier letters in this collection was Mr. James Harris, the father of the first Earl of Malmesbury. The Harris family had lived quietly on an estate in Wiltshire from the middle of the 16th century; and Mr. James Harris first broke through the hereditary sameness of existence by becoming one of the most distinguished scholars of his day. Besides "Philosophical Treatises," he published a work on grammar, called "Hermes," which the accomplished Bishop Lowth styled "the most beautiful example of analysis produced since the days of Aristotle," and which obtained so high a reputation that it was afterwards translated and published by command of the French Directory in 1796. He was member of Parliament for Christchurch, which seat he held till his death, in 1780; was made a Lord of the Treasury, in 1763, and in 1744 he became Secretary and Comptroller of the Queen's Household. When he first took his seat in the House of Commons, John Townshend asked who he was, and on being told that he had written on grammar and harmony, replied "Why does he come here, where he will hear neither?" His literary talent and high personal character procured for Mr. Harris a wide circle of friends and acquaintances among the leading men of the times; and owing to the influence he thus acquired he was enabled to launch his son, afterwards the first Lord, early into public life. The present Earl (who edits these

letters), speaking of the "*fêtes* and social intercourse in the venerable city of Sarum," where his great-grandfather resided, observes regretfully "how much less of cliques and class categories then existed among the nobility and their neighbours than in the present day."

Mr. Harris was passionately fond of music and art, and wrote treatises upon them, which indicate a more lively and sympathetic nature than would be inferred from the dry philosophy of his other works. His wife moved much in society, and appears to have possessed a similar taste for the fine arts. The best artists of the day were visitors at their house in Salisbury. The family went frequently to the theatre, and in the letters we find critical observations on most of the new dramas of the time. There are two letters from David Garrick, asking permission to bring out at Drury Lane a musical pastoral, called "*Damon and Amyrillis*," which, the editor says, "was in Mr. Harris's hands," but which, there seems to us reason to believe, was actually composed by him. As might be expected of a musical family, they attended the concerts and the opera, and by-and-by we read of "the great house in the Haymarket," and Italian singers come to the front. Then, as now, the Opera was a perilous venture, and both the managers and singers occasionally came to grief. Of one of the favourite singers of the day we read as follows:—

"All Manzolini's clothes and finery are seized, and carried to the Custom House, so he has sent a petition to the Lords of the Treasury to have them redeemed. This event diverts Lord North, as he says not one of the Treasury know a note of music, nor care one farthing what becomes of Manzolini, *except Mr. Harris*. He says your father has told so moving a story to Mr. Grenville about it, that he thinks it may affect him."

A close friendship existed between Mr. Harris and Handel, who left him, by will, his portrait, and all his operas in manuscript. The very first letter in this collection has a touching allusion to the great musician, whose intellect had been affected by his labours, and who had become very eccentric. The Countess of Salisbury, a

relative of Mr. Harris, writes to him thus (in 1745):—

"My constancy to poor Handel got the better of my indolence and my propensity to stay at home, and I went last Friday to see the 'Alexander's Feast;' but it was such a melancholy pleasure as drew tears of sorrow, great though unhappy Handel, dejected, wan, and dark, sitting by, not playing on the harpsichord, and to think how his light has been spent by being overplied in music's cause. I was sorry, too, to find the audience so insipid and tasteless (I may add unkind) as not to give the poor man the comfort of applause; but affectation and conceit cannot discern or attend to merit."

In the next letter, the Rev. W. Harris writes to Mrs. Harris thus:—

"I met Mr. Handel a few days since in the street, and stopped and put him in mind who I was; upon which, I am sure it would have diverted you to have seen his antic motions. He seemed highly pleased, and was full of inquiry after you. I told him I was very confident that you expected a visit from him this summer (at Salisbury). He talked much of his precarious state of health, yet he looks well enough."

Handel recovered from the mental affection; and five years later (1750) we find the Earl of Shaftesbury writing of him as follows:—

"I have seen Handel several times since I came hither (to London), and I think I never saw him so cool and well. He is quite easy in his behaviour, and has been pleasing himself in the purchase of several fine pictures, particularly a large Rembrandt, which is indeed excellent. We have scarce talked at all about musical subjects, though enough to find that his performances will go off incomparably."

Music appears to have held a more prominent place in public amusements a century ago than is generally imagined; and when Giardini undertook the management of the Opera "at the great house in the Haymarket" in 1764, Mrs. Harris opines that he will meet with no small difficulty, because "the greatest part of the orchestra, and almost all the dancers, are engaged at the *play-houses*." Giardini—a Piedmontese violinist and composer, who, after residing thirty years in England, went to Russia, where he died in 1793—came to grief in this operatic venture, and afterwards started an Opera in "Mrs. Cornely's" rooms. Indeed, the Haymarket house, great as its celebrity became in the present century, was by no means a famous place in those times. In the same year (1764) we read in one of the letters, "Almack is going to build some magnificent rooms behind his house

—one much larger than that at Carlisle House," i.e., Mrs. Cornely's. This latter was the favourite place of resort at that time, and for many years afterwards. It was a place where subscription-concerts were held (one series mentioned in 1764 consisted of twenty-one concerts, of Bach's music, Cocchi's, and Abel's, for five guineas), where the Opera for some time had its seat; and also where masquerade parties and other fashionable entertainments were held. In 1770, we read of "fifteen or sixteen young men of fashion and fortune giving a masquerade at Cornely's to 800 people;" and in the following year we have a full account of a masquerade given at the same place by "the gentlemen of the Tuesday Nights' Club." Mrs. Harris, writing to her son (the future Earl) at Madrid, says: Mr. Charles Fox has offered to supply us with tickets. Your sisters and I mean to go; 'tis the only masquerade I wish them to go to. I shall try my utmost to persuade Mr. Harris (her husband) to accompany us. One difficulty is in the way; that is, no gentlemen are admitted in dominos." Mr. Harris could not be persuaded to join the fashionable assembly, but Mr. Fox—who had just commenced his official career, as a Lord of the Admiralty—was, at that time, more at home in such parties than in Parliament. Mrs. Harris was greatly delighted with it. The following is part of her account of it:—

"Gertrude (Miss Harris) was dressed as the Pythian, that is, priestess to the temple of Apollo, a dress which she wore in one of the private plays. Louisa was an Indian Princess; Mr. Cambridge borrowed a dress for her which was pretty and fine—the habit, muslin with green and gold sprigs, with a turban and veil. I never saw anybody enter so strongly into the spirit of a masquerade as she did. She talked to numbers all in French, and had disguised her voice so well that even some of her friends did not discover her. Towards the end, she said she was frightened by the Devil speaking to her sister. Mine was a white domino, with a Mary Queen of Scots cap and ruff.

"Lord Edgecombe was a shepherdess, with a little lamb under his arm, and a most excellent figure he was. Mr. Banbury was a most excellent *friseur*; Lord Berkeley, a charlatan. Mrs. Crewe* looked beautiful as a nun with a yellow veil. Several gentlemen in women's clothes, not as old women. . . .

"On the whole we were greatly entertained,

* Mrs. Crewe's house was subsequently the resort of Charles Fox and his party, who took for their motto—

"Buff and Blue,
And Mrs. Crewe."

for it was the first masked ball I ever saw. We supped soon after one; and then everybody unmasked, and a number of acquaintances we found, though we had found out many before. We got home soon after five; and, old as I may be, I never left a public place with more regret."

Mrs. Cornely's rooms soon became the object of a jealous, and let us hope unfounded, attack. Giardini had opened an Opera there, which was "greatly injuring that of Mr. Hobart's in the Haymarket;" and the latter gentleman "informed against them" as an unlicensed house. There was a strong party on either side, "harmoniacs" and "anti-harmoniacs," and the latter party brought forward scandalous charges. Only a week after the above-mentioned masquerade, Mrs. Harris writes thus:—

"The Harmoniac is over, and what is worse, they threaten hard to indict Mrs. Cornely's as a house of ill-fame, and say that forty beds are made and unmade every day, which is hard, for a friend of ours says it is never more than twenty. But, joking apart, if they choose to demolish Mrs. Cornely, all elegance and spectacle will end in this town; for she never yet had her equal in these things, and I believe got but little, as all she undertakes is clever to a degree."

There is a wonderful want of logical sequence in these few lines; and as to whether the scandalous charge was true or false, Mrs. Harris apparently was as little in a position to judge as we are now. Mrs. Cornely was originally Mademoiselle Pompeiati, a singer. She hired Carlisle House, in Soho-square, and established balls and assemblies by subscription. This place of fashionable resort, however, as well as its mistress, quickly thereafter declined in reputation. In 1774, we find Mrs. Harris writing:—"I went to Carlisle House, which Bach has taken for his concerts; the furniture, like Mrs. Cornely, is much on the decline; but, in my opinion, the place is better for the concert than Almack's." Bach soon left these rooms, and opened a place of his own, splendidly fitted up. But even he was not allowed to carry on his performances without opposition, although of a different kind from that which proved fatal to Mrs. Cornely. "Lord Hillsborough, Sir James Porter, and some others (writes Mrs. Harris) have entered into a subscription to prosecute Bach for a nuisance, and I was told the jury had found a bill against him. One would scarce imagine his house could molest either of these men, for Bach's is at the corner of Hanover-street."

Amateur theatrical performances were in those days in great vogue among the upper classes, and usually took place in the country residences of the nobility and gentry in the winter months—during the Parliamentary recess, when even members of the Ministry (notably Mr. Fox) took part in them. Winterslow House was the famous place for these amateur performances. The ordinary audience consisted of the servants of the house and the neighbouring townspeople, as well as a select circle of visitors, which on one occasion included the Duke and Duchess of Queensberry, the Duchess of Bedford, Lord and Lady Pembroke, Lady Charles and Robert Spencer, Lord Dunkellin, Lady Louisa Fitzpatrick, &c. At the close of one of those performances at Winterslow House (in January, 1774), in which Mr. Fox and another member of his family acted, a lamentable accident occurred, which destroyed the greater part of the mansion. Mrs. Harris writes of it next day as follows:—

"We got home in whole bones [an allusion apparently to the bad roads] soon after one, and in high spirits; but our joy is now turned to sorrow, for this morning, at five, a fire broke out in the new building at Winterslow House, and entirely consumed that and also the old house, except the kitchen and laundry. Though the house was full of company, fortunately no life was lost. The fire was discovered by some Salisbury chairmen, who, for want of a bed, were deposited on a carpet under the great stairs; they alarmed the house, and probably, thereby, saved some lives. Lady Pembroke, Lady Mary Fox and her children, were carried to King's House; Miss Herbert, Mrs. Hodges, and the other ladies stayed in the laundry; all the gentlemen stood by. As they had no engines, and little or no water but violent rain, they in a manner gave up all hopes of the house; but their object was to save the furniture, in which they have succeeded, though 'tis greatly damaged by dirt and rain. 'Tis thought, but not certain, that the fire was owing to some timber near a chimney in the new building. I think of the contrast: we left that house this morning between twelve and one, all mirth and jollity, and by seven it was consumed; it really hurts me when I think how many agreeable days I have spent in those rooms."

"Some say that, during the flames, Stephen and Charles Fox and Fitzpatrick got to a proper distance, and laid bets as to which beam would fall in first. The friends of the house, who resort to Almack's and White's, say they are sorry they were not at Winterslow that night, as 'they might have had an opportunity of seeing the family in a new light.' I could mention profane things uttered at the very time, but they are too bad."

Amateur dramatic and operatic performances were a frequent amusement at Mr. Harris's house in Salisbury. Miss Gertrude, the elder daughter, was an adept in such performances, and, moreover, retained this taste throughout the whole of her long life. This lady afterwards became the wife of Mr. Robinson, younger son of Lord Grantham. She lived, in the London world, to the age of eighty-five, preserving to the last her faculties and cheerful character. She used to give private theatricals at her house, in which Lord de Grey, Mr. F. Robinson, Hugh Elliott, and Canning were the chief actors—Canning writing the prologues and epilogues, which are still extant. In the letters we find frequent allusions to the performances in Mr. Harris's family residence; but we shall content ourselves with mentioning one of them, which aroused the satirical ire of some provincial Juvenal, whose poetic outburst serves to show the great, indeed too great, change between the notions on such subjects then and now. Mrs. Harris, in a letter to her son, thus alludes to a rehearsal of the piece, which a few days afterwards was performed, as usual, to an audience of the townsfolk and the visitors at the house:—

"I have but little to send from hence; we are so totally taken up with our own theatrical business that nothing else is thought of. The ladies acted last night in their dresses to all their servants, and a most crowded house they had. Although I was not admitted to the performance, I saw all the ladies. Their dresses are fine and elegant. Miss Townshend makes an excellent Spanish ambassador, a fine figure and richly dressed; she had a prodigious long sword, and not being accustomed to wear one, she contrived, as she walked, to run it up through a scene, and damaged it greatly. Louisa has taken a sword you left her [here?], and manages it right well. She is very fine in a purple Spanish dress, all the buttons Irish diamonds, a handsome button and loop to her hat, and your King of Spain's picture hanging from her neck. The Queen, Miss Hussey, was dressed in blue and silver, with a number of diamonds; Miss Wyndham, who is Elvira, in white, trimmed with pearls; Gertrude, the Princess, in a black Spanish dress, trimmed with red and silver, and a great quantity of diamonds; it becomes her much.

"Lord Pembroke [the tenth Earl] sent a note to your father, which was as follows:—'I can snuff candles, I can scrape on the violoncello; if either of these sciences will entitle me to a place in your theatre, I will perform gratis. P.S. My wife says she can thrum the harpsichord or viol-de-gamba.'

"We have sent them and the Amesbury House tickets for Saturday. Everybody is mak-

ing interest to get in. The ladies mean to perform five times, so I hope everybody will see it."

The satirical verses which this lady performance called forth appeared in the *Bath Journal* (Nov. 17, 1774), entitled "On the Ladies at the Close of Salisbury, now acting *Elvira*;" and Mrs. Harris opines that "they were sent from some vinegar merchant in Salisbury who could not get admitted to the performance." The verses are as follows:—

"In good Queen Elizabeth's reign,
In a decent and virtuous age,
That they ne'er might give modesty pain,
No female appeared on the stage.
But lo, what a change time affords!
The ladies, 'mong many strange things,
Call for helmets, for breeches, and swords,
And act Senators, Heroes, and Kings."

If the anonymous "vinegar merchant" could have been transported into the present time, how much more would he have been shocked by the "change which time affords!" Could he now take a trip to London (so serious a matter a century ago, but made so quickly and cheaply now by means of a return ticket by rail), what would he think of the state of matters in our theatres? It was only in private theatricals that ladies donned the male costume a century ago, and they were always draped with the strictest propriety. But what do we see in the London theatres now? Not only in the so-called "burlesques" does the main "fun," such as it is, consist in the transposition of the sexes—men taking female characters, and women the part of males—but the costumes of the female performers, rich and picturesque as they usually are, are devised expressly to make a prodigal display of the person, a minimum of clothes apparently being the acme of perfection kept in view by the theatrical costumiers, and by the ladies themselves. The female figure is now so prodigally displayed that a handsome girl, especially if she has well-turned legs, is sought after on that account alone. "My shape is my fortune, sir, she said!" would now be the burden of the song of these demi-nude demoiselles of the stage. To such a pitch has this new method of attracting audiences been carried, that this class of performances, or rather exhibitions, are now known in theatrical parlance as "leg-pieces." It is impossible not to see what a demoralizing influence such performances must have upon the rising generation, indeed upon the whole audience. It is a lamentable sign of the times: it is a symptom of de-

generation, of corruption, of a fatal laxity of manners. The relation between the sexes is becoming seriously deteriorated; and woman, instead of being peculiarly an object of respectful regard or chivalrous admiration, tends to become simply an object of pleasure, seeking to please at any cost. Most rightly did the Lord Chamberlain recently issue his fiat against the short skirts of the ballet-dancers; but the fiat has been vain, as all such injunctions in this "free" country must be when public opinion refuses to support it, or at least allows itself to be overpowered by the crowd of playgoers who delight in such spectacles. A gangrene of selfish and demoralizing pleasure is now eating into the heart of this country; and we fear the social malady will not be checked save by the advent of some terrible national calamity—let us hope not so terrible as that by which our neighbour France is now being purged as by fire.

Before quitting the lighter and gossipy items to be found in these letters, let us say a word or two about the rich Court costumes of the period. We need not speak of the dresses of the ladies; for although the fashion of those dresses has changed, indeed is ceaselessly changing, in richness and costliness female attire at the present time is quite on a par with what it was when George the Second was king. But a notable change has taken place in the full dress of the men. Probably only a minority of our readers can remember the time when colour disappeared from the evening costume of gentlemen: it is nearly forty years since coloured coats, with white or coloured silk or velvet waistcoats vanished from the private dinner-party and ball-room—though the taste for colour is now reviving. Warren, in *Ten Thousand a Year*, dresses his hero Gammon for the evening in blue coat with metal buttons, white waistcoat, and black trousers—and such was a quiet evening dress of that time. In the long interval since then, there has been a monotonous reign of the simple black cloth. The change in the Court or gala dress has been still more striking. Apropos of this change, a philosophical writer has remarked, that whenever any class abandons its distinctive costume, it is a sign of decadence and coming extinction. There is some truth in the remark, but it is partial truth only. It ignores the fact that the peculiar source of distinction for each class, and especially with the nobility, who are, or ought to be, the leaders of the nation, varies from age

to age with the spirit of the times. It might as well be said that our nobility verged on extinction three centuries ago, when they ceased to wear mail and to lead their retainers to the field. No doubt the French Revolution, with its levelling doctrines, and the principle of social equality (not new in this country,) tended to abolish the "bravery" of dress previously distinctive of the nobility; but the change was far more due to the gravity of the times, the sober spirit natural during a most critical period of the country, and of the economy rendered necessary throughout the community at large by the heavy costs of the great war with France. Indeed, the fact that a great corresponding change took place in the gala dress of the middle classes serves to show that there was nothing exceptional or peculiar in the diminished finery of the aristocratic costume. All classes alike felt the sobering influence of the time, and then, as in all such cases, a corresponding change took place in costume.

Firstly, then, as to the gala costume of the Prince of Wales, afterwards George III., who certainly cannot be suspected of too great a devotion to fashion or the frivolities of dress. In a Drawing-room at St. James's in 1745, the Prince of Wales wore a light-blue velvet coat, laced with silver, and the sleeves of it brocade—as was also his waistcoat. On another occasion he "had on a crimson damask laced with silver, very rich and handsome." Again, the Countess of Shaftesbury, writing to her cousin, Mr. Harris, in December, 1754, "enlivening her epistle with a detail of the birthday finery" at Court, says: "The Prince of Wales looked as blooming as his clothes; they were a blossom-coloured velvet, with gold and lace down before; the waistcoat and cuffs a rich white-and-gold stuff. Prince Edward's was a yellow and silver velvet, with a silver lace before, turned up with white and silver cuffs, and the waistcoat the same." She adds: "My lord's clothes and mine were both admired. His was a very rich scarlet and gold velvet coat—waistcoat and breeches the same; and mine a gold stuff with purple spots on the ground, and coloured sprigs of flowers that looked like embroidery." On a similar occasion, "Lord Kildare was unexceptionably the finest of any gentleman there: his coat was a light-blue silk, embroidered all over with gold and silver in a very curious manner, turned up with white satin, embroidered as the other; the waistcoat the same as his sleeves." His Majesty (George

II.), however, by no means set the fashion in gala dress. Even at Drawing-rooms, we read, "he dressed in his usual way, without aiming at finery of any sort;" his usual costume being a deep-blue cloth coat, trimmed with silver lace, and waistcoat the same. At another Birthday Drawing-room, "the King was dressed in black velvet; the sleeves of his coat and his waistcoat were red, embroidered with gold." The last time his Majesty's costume at Drawing-rooms is mentioned is in 1754, six years before his death, when we find the following curious statement, that "his Majesty had told Mr. Shutz [the fashionable German tailor of the day] he would have him bespeak him a very handsome suit, but not to make a boy or a fop of him;" and as the result of this consultation with his tailor, his Majesty appeared "in brown, very richly laced with silver, and turned up with a blue cuff laced, and a blue and silver waistcoat." We read of "very mortifying disasters" happening at some of these Birthday Drawing-rooms. On one such occasion, the Countess of Salisbury writes:—

"Miss Young, in making her curtsy to his Majesty, entangled the heel of her shoe (there were high heels in those days) in her train, so that she fell quite backwards, with her legs up. The laugh was so general that nobody thought of helping the poor creature, until his Majesty, though as well diverted as the rest, said he would go himself; but, as you may imagine, was prevented. Lady Young was not in less confusion than her daughter.

"The second bustle was about Miss Corke, whose hoop, in climbing over the Foreigners' box, caught in such a manner that all her petticoats flew up, to the undermost flannel. Lady Arvon, in endeavouring to help her, was caught in the hoop, which pulled off her fine diamond sprig and head-dress."

As might be expected, there were flirtations, runaway matches, and *mésalliances* in those days, as they are still. One of the beauties immortalized by the pencil of Sir Joshua Reynolds, and whose portrait is preserved at Holland House, gave rise to much gossip by marrying a "player":—

"The Court and assembly's talk yesterday was all of the match of Lady Susan Strange-ways, and O'Brien, the player. It is said she went out on Saturday with a servant, whom, under pretext of having forgotten something, she sent back, and said she would wait in the street till her return. O'Brien was waiting in a hackney coach, which she got into; and they went to Covent Garden Church, and were married. 'Tis a most surprising event, as Lady

Susan was everything that was good and amiable; and how she ever got acquainted with this man is not to be accounted for. They say that she sent him £200 a little time since. She is of age."

Gretna Green, on the Scottish borders, although it has now relapsed into the obscurity natural to such a poor little hamlet (although it still gives name to a railway station), was a famous place in those days in connection with runaway matches; indeed, it was so even within the memory of the present generation. A century ago, we often read of lovers having "gone to Scotland." Among others—

"Lady Jane Tollemache, daughter to Lord Dysart, is gone to Scotland with a Captain Halliday of the Light Horse; his father is a man of fortune. The captain was just going to be married to Miss Byron; the coach and clothes were bought; but he saw Lady Jane twice at the Richmond assembly, was captivated, wrote a letter to Miss Byron, to inform her he had changed his mind, and had set out for Scotland." (The gay captain would have had to pay heavy damages for so cavalier a proceeding now-a-days.)

Whatever amount of what is commonly called "scandal," and which merits a worse name, there may have been in our aristocratic circles in the latter half of last century, there is but little trace of it to be found in these letters. But in one of Mrs. Harris's letters to her son, giving him the talk and gossip of the town, there is a mysterious-looking allusion to some such matrimonial scandal, which reads as follows:—"Lady S—— B—— is in lodgings at Knightsbridge. She says her husband [whom doubtless she had deserted] is a most angelic man; but her attachment for the other is so great, she must live with him."

What was the "Pantheon" in those days? Whatever else it was, it appears to have been a sort of assembly-rooms for balls and dances; and, though frequented by persons of rank and of the highest respectability, its doors were not impregnable against the entrance of "soiled doves," and doubtful reputations—whose presence, however, was against the rules of the place, for, as the following embarrassing incident to one of Mrs. Harris's daughters shows, they were liable to be turned out. Mrs. Harris thus writes of it to her son:—

"Wednesday your two sisters, Molly Cambridge, and I, went to the Pantheon. It is undoubtedly the finest and most complete thing

ever seen in England. Such mixture of company never assembled before under the same roof. Lord Mansfield, Mrs. Baddeley, Lord Chief Baron Parker, Mrs. Abbingdon, Sir James Porter, Madlle. Heiwell, Lords Hyde and Camden, with many other serious men, and most of the gay ladies in town, and ladies of the best rank and character — and, by appearance, some very low people. Louisa is thought very like Mrs. Baddeley (one of the gay ladies); and Gertrude and I had our doubts whether our characters might not suffer by walking with her (*i.e.*, Louisa); but had they offered to turn her out, we depended upon Mr. Hanger's protection. (George Hanger, one of the Guards, was one of the great beaux of his day.) None of the fashion dance country-dances or minnets in the great room, though there were a number of minnets and a large set of dancers. I saw Miss Wilks dance a minuet; some young ladies danced cotillions in the cotillon gallery The spectacle at first strikes one greatly, but then it becomes stupid."

The domain of personal incident crops up richly and interestingly throughout these volumes, and comes freshly and truthfully upon us in the correspondence of the hour. Whether we read of Lady —, who ran away with her footman John, and sent back her fine clothes, "because she would no longer have any need for them;" or of the deep gambling and other queer affairs of Charles Fox in his dissipated youth; or of the sayings and doings of the notorious Wilkes, who so shocked society, or of his duel, in which he bore himself so honourably, the epistolary narrative is full of *naïveté* and interest. The second marriage of Lord Coventry (whose first wife was the elder of the beautiful Miss Gunnings) must have been what is now called "good fun." The marriage party was all assembled in stately magnificence; but his Grace of Canterbury was from home, and the licence did not arrive! But the party was equal to the emergency — "so it was agreed that they should eat the dinner, rather than it should be spoiled. So to dinner they went [at the early hour then in fashion], and sat all the afternoon, dressed in their white and silver, expecting every moment the express from Lambeth, but nothing came. The same reason held good for eating a supper as for eating the dinner; and in short they supped and sat till after two, and then, by mutual consent, dismissed the parson, and all retired." Two hours afterwards (4 a.m.) the express with the licence arrived, and the ceremony went off with due *éclat* in the forenoon. We may remark that it is comforting to find in these letters of the day a guarantee for

the genuineness of many of the excellent bonmots and repartees which have taken their place in our anecdotal literature in connection with the more or less famous men of that period, and which sparkle pleasantly across the pages of these volumes.

But quitting the domain of purely personal incident, let us glance at some passages in the letters which throw curious light upon the England of our forefathers in the latter half of the eighteenth century. Here is a picture of Cambridgeshire which looks strange now, and which indeed startled the writer thereof, Mrs. Harris, when she and her husband went on a visit to their friend the Dean of Sarum's parsonage in that locality. She says that the country is the most disagreeable she ever saw; and talking of the Fens, says that the herds of cattle which feed on them in the summer months are up to their bellies in water even in the dry season: —

"The natives dry the cowdung for firing in the winter; so 'tis kept in heaps about the fields, as is also the dung of their yards; so when you walk, the stink is inconceivable. Mr. Harris took a ride to survey these fens, and he says nothing can be so detestable. He talked with the natives, who told him that during the winter the water was constantly above the ancles in their houses."

"The Dean's parsonage is surrounded with fens, and you are teased beyond expression by the gnats. When we got here, the Dean's butler came to your father with a pair of leather stockings [the dress of that day was breeches and silk stockings] to draw on so as to protect his legs, which in hot weather [it was the month of June] is dreadful. Besides this, the beds have a machine covered with a silk net, which lets down after you are in bed, and covers you all over. Without this, there could be no sleeping; for, notwithstanding these precautions, we were most miserably stung."

Were anyone to light upon this passage in an isolated form nowadays, he would conclude without hesitation that it was an extract from some Indian diary — the use of the word "natives" completing the resemblance. Here we have the Indian plague of mosquitoes existing in full severity in England, and also the use of mosquito-nets around the beds at night, exactly as in India. Nay, there is still another point of resemblance — namely, in the use which the Cambridgeshire "natives" made of the cow-dung: drying and using it as fuel, as is the common practice of the natives of our Eastern Empire.

In the letters which relate to the events

of the Rebellion of 1745, and the march of the rebels into the heart of England, we have ample proof alike of the general ignorance of places now well known to every one, and of a want of the means of information in regard even to the great events taking place in other parts of the kingdom, which read strangely in these times when every morning we can know from the newspapers the very way the wind is blowing in every quarter of our island. The Highland army marches to and fro in its daring enterprise, although several separate armies (Wade's, Ligonier's, the Duke of Cumberland's, &c.) are on foot to meet or catch them: indeed, as we read in these letters, "more troops are in England than ever was known before," yet notwithstanding, the hardy light-moving Highlanders get through them all into the heart of England, and quite as easily back again. We cannot help thinking that the English generals had not much stomach for their work. They were astonished and something more by the sudden and total rout of Sir John Cope's army, and by the daring and marvellous rapidity of the rebels' march; and it must be allowed that even in their retreat, the Highlanders gave a good account of any force that tried to bar their passage. As the noble editor incidentally observes, General Wade (who was posted in the north of England to stop the southward march of the rebels) only became famous after the rebellion was over; and his marching and counter-marching to catch the rebels was of a very helpless character indeed.

Smuggling, as well as rebellion, profited greatly by the roadless character of England in those days. Mr. and Mrs. Harris, on returning home one night from Heron Court, then the property of their friend Mr. Hooper, had great difficulty in getting over Ringwood Heath, an adjoining waste land, about five miles in length—"the vile heath," as Mrs. Harris calls it—even with "the assistance of two servants riding before." Heron Court now belongs to the Malmesbury family; and the editor, in a foot-note, states that until the beginning of the present century there were no roads but smugglers' tracks across those heaths. They were a favourite place for contraband transit from the south coast; and he mentions that all classes aided in carrying on this traffic. "The farmers lent their teams and labourers, and the gentry openly connived at the practice, and dealt with the smugglers. The cargoes, chiefly of brandy, were easily concealed in

the furze bushes, that extended from Ringwood to Poole, and in the New Forest for thirty miles." We suspect that the impossibility of carrying on such operations nowadays has had much more to do with their cessation than the improvement in the morality of the age. Look at the customary frauds in making returns to the income-tax, and then say whether the middle-classes are a whit more honest in fiscal matters now than they used to be when smuggling was rife.

How vastly London has changed and grown since the last century need not be said, and the contrast between then and now, meets one almost in every page of these lively letters. There was no Rottenrow, or the fashionable rides in the Park, which make so gay a sight now in the summer afternoons; and the whole district north of the Park knew nothing of the noble streets and terraces which now occupy the space. Mrs. Harris speaks with delight, almost rapture, of the sweet rural beauty of a "ride to Paddington of a July morning." But with all our knowledge of the change which has come over the British metropolis since that time, it is startling to find that some nameless Dick Turpin or Claude Duval could ply his trade with impunity even within the courtly precincts of St. James's. In February, 1773, Mrs. Harris writes that "a most audacious fellow robbed Sir Francis Holburne and his sisters in their coach, in St. James's Square, coming from the Opera. He was on horseback, and held a pistol close to the breast of one of the Miss Holburnes for a considerable time. She had left her purse at home—which he would not believe. He has since robbed a coach in Park Lane." In these letters, too, there is the earliest mention which we have met with of the tiny member of the finny tribe which now confers a greater popular renown upon Greenwich than even its world-famous Observatory or its magnificent Hospital, and which for a generation has caused that place to be the honoured scene of the annual Ministerial banquet at which our rulers meet together to congratulate one another upon the approaching close of the Parliamentary session,—the famous "whitebait dinner," which within the last two years has fallen into abeyance, perhaps never to be revived. Mr. Harris, the founder of the family and father of the first Earl Malmesbury, was then (1763) a Lord of the Admiralty; and Mrs. Harris describes a "most agreeable expedition on the Thames," which she had with a party in the "Admiralty barge."

After seeing Woolwich and all its military wonders, the lady says:—

"We got back to Greenwich to dine. We had the smallest fish I ever saw, called white-bait; they are only to be eat at Greenwich, and are held in high estimation by the epicures; they are not so large as the smallest of minnows, but are really very good eating. We dined in a charming place in the open air, which commanded a fine view of the Thames; but were obliged to leave it at six o'clock, as the tide was so cruel as not to stay for us—and they never venture to shoot the bridge (old London bridge) with the Admiralty barge at low water. We had a beastly walk through the Borough after we landed."

Let us now quit old England for a moment to take a passing glance at the Continent. As we have already said, the "Diaries and Correspondence" of the first Earl of Malmesbury are a rich mine of political information and personal anecdote concerning the leading Courts of Europe; but we must here confine our few gleanings of this kind from the newly published "Letters," and content ourselves with some sketches of the state of matters in France, in the period of decay and rottenness which preceded the outburst of the terrible but life-reviving Revolution. Young Mr. Harris (afterwards the first Earl), then only in his twenty-second year, is passing through Paris in November, 1768, on his way to assume a diplomatic post at Madrid, and thus he writes of the French capital:—

"I see no new improvements since I was last here; and, except a few new fashions for caps and muffs, I believe nothing has changed materially. On such subjects alone do this lively people exercise their inventive faculties, since the decease of Louis le Grand. They have now no capital painters, few good sculptors, and still fewer good authors; for the modern set of French writers are either totally devoid of talents, or else employ them in such a manner, and on such subjects, as to render their works of very little use to the community. To pass for an *esprit fort* is all their ambition; and when a man has written down all religions, without distinction, they cry, '*Pardi! c'est un grand homme: il pense hardiment!*'"

Turning from fashion and infidelity, the young diplomatist in another letter describes the political aspect of affairs; remarking, *inter alia*, that the Government "are now expending the revenues of the year 1771 [three years in advance!] at the same time that the people are labouring under the greatest necessity; garden stuff and bread, the chief nourishment of the lower class in this country, being raised

in price one-third since last winter, and the greatest appearance also that there will not be a sufficient quantity of either to supply the winter." But Court life and pageantry went on *quand même*. Seven years later, a Dr. Jean takes up the correspondence from Paris. Speaking of the Anglomania then prevalent, and which mingled with the Court gaieties, he writes that the "young Queen" (Marie Antoinette) has made herself unpopular by "a little misunderstanding in etiquette" between her and the princes of the blood, and also by her great predilection for everything that is English. And he describes a horse race, "which is now become a very frequent and frequented amusement." Most of the cavaliers in the course were "badly imitating the English mode of riding;" also "ladies of fashion, clad in boots and leather breeches, astride on their horses!" The Queen, with all her court, were upon the stand at the starting post; and the race was managed by English grooms (*jackés* as they call them) and English horses." The same correspondent also gives a description of a *bal paré* in "the most decorated room perhaps in the world," the Opera House at Versailles. He says that Lord Clive, who was present, "declared that Asiatic display of riches appeared but as tinsel to the brilliancy of the French court on that occasion." "The room," says Dr. Jean, "was filled by between three and four thousand people, dressed in the richest, and at the same time the most fancied, taste imaginable. The show which French ladies always make above those of other nations added much to the spectacle. The ornaments of their head-dress, and their robes, so disposed and varied, composed a most beautiful *tout ensemble*. In regard to their persons, to be sure, they seemed to be almost all of the same family, from the similarity of their complexions, and the unity of their dress. It appeared to me an assembly of hoursis." He describes the Queen as "very majestic, and at a distance very handsome," also with a remarkably fine hand and arm; and he adds that she gives life to almost all public amusements, and "is very familiar with those who are in favour,"—an amiable though perhaps not dignified *trait* which brought her sad woe in the end, in consequence of the calumnies set on foot against her by her base and contemptible relative, the Duke of Orleans, *Philippe Egalité*.

A romantic incident connected with the French Revolution happened to Lord Malmesbury in 1793, when the French

nobility and clergy were flying from the sanguinary proscriptions of the Reign of Terror. He was walking one day on the pier at Brighton (not then the scene of gaiety and fashion which it is now), when a French fishing-boat approached the pier, and one of the crew jumped out with a baby in his arms, and addressed him. The poor fisherman said that a lady, known and beloved by himself and his comrades, had thrown the baby into their boat, entreating them to save its life by carrying it to England, whither, she said, if she were spared, she would follow it. They had accordingly stood over for Brighton, to entrust the infant, as the lady desired, to the first Englishman they met. Lord Malmesbury at once took charge of the helpless little exile, and had it conveyed to Lady Malmesbury at his house. In a few weeks, the mother, after many hair-breadth escapes, found her way to England, and knowing where the child had been landed, soon discovered its place of refuge. The baby became a handsome and fascinating woman, and as Madame Alfred de Noailles was for many years a leader of fashion in the first circles of Paris. When Lady Malmesbury was at Paris in 1816, we find her writing of Madame Alfred as "our daughter;" and his quondam *protégé*, in all her letters to Lord Malmesbury, used to sign herself "Leontine Harris."

Although tempted to linger longer over these interesting letters, our narrowing limits warn us that we must leave untrod a large portion of the field which they present, alike for gossiping and for sage historical reflection. But ere we close, we must say a few words as to the leading members of the family whose correspondence has now been given to the world. Of Mr. James Harris, who, though not himself ennobled, may justly be regarded as the founder of the Malmesbury family, we have already spoken. He was a literary man of fine tastes, a member of Parliament, and a subordinate member of several Administrations. He does not appear to have had the brilliant abilities of his son, the first Earl; but he had a pleasant and healthy temperament, a perfect rectitude of nature, and a sound sagacity, which qualities have since been hereditary in the family. There are only a few letters of his in this collection, but in almost every one of these, brief though they are, there is some remark or other which shows his shrewd and healthy common sense, whether in great matters or little ones. When a motion was made in the House (1770), to restrain

revenue officers from voting at elections (a disfranchisement only recently removed), Mr. Harris writes that it was "a rather tedious debate, full of that patriotic commonplace which nobody believes that talks it, nor anyone else but a few dupes in the provinces." When we were on the eve of war with Spain, in 1770, about the Falkland Islands, he writes:—"It moves me to indignation that two respectable nations, naturally made for friends, should take to cutting one another's throats for a paltry island, not better than Bagshot Heath, and which, if it were merged in the ocean, would be no loss to either. Let it be with nations as with individuals: if ye *can* help it, don't quarrel at all—'tis more conformant to your social nature; but if ye *must* quarrel, for heaven's sake let it not be for trifles, for objects of the lowest contempt." But when this Spanish difficulty was happily got over, to the general satisfaction of the country, which, he says, "does not wish a war, whatever wicked patriots may endeavour;" he adds, "None make such audacious use of the word *people* as these do—a word which often means no more than themselves, and their ignorant or interested followers."

His son, the first Earl of Malmesbury, was perhaps the ablest diplomatist whom England has produced; certainly he was second to none in the long roll of distinguished men who have served the State as ambassadors and ministers in foreign countries. There is an anecdote of his boyhood, narrated by his relative Lord Shaftesbury, which perhaps may be taken as an indication of the courage and self-reliance which the youth was afterwards to display in a very different form. As his mother was walking one day with some friends before her house in the Close at Salisbury, she descried some one climbing up the spire of the cathedral; and having obtained a glass the better to observe so perilous a feat, she immediately dropped it, exclaiming, "Good heavens! it is James!" The astonished lady had discovered her only son upon the apex of the tallest steeple in Great Britain. Of his life at Oxford, he himself (taking a retrospect in 1800) gives a poor account, either as regards learning or amusements. He says that the set of men with whom he lived were very pleasant, but very idle fellows. "Our life was an imitation of high life in London: luckily, drinking was not the fashion; but what we did drink was claret, and we had our regular round of evening card parties, to the great annoyance of our finances. It has often

been a matter of surprise to me how so many of us (Charles Fox, Lord Auckland, Bishop North, and others) made our way so well in the world, and so creditably." From Oxford he went to the University of Leyden; and as he became a favourite with our Minister at the Hague, young Harris had ample opportunities of mingling in the court life, and also of studying carefully the political affairs of Holland—a knowledge which he was afterwards destined to turn to most valuable account. In the following year (1767) he made a journey to Prussia, Poland, and Paris; and in 1768, although only in his twenty-second year, he was appointed secretary of embassy at the Court of Madrid. In this post, an opportunity arising, the youth greatly distinguished himself; for, having been temporarily left *chargé d'affaires*, he undertook upon his own responsibility the critical affair of the Falkland Islands, which he conducted so admirably as to win the praise of both political parties at home; and the issue, so honourable for England, at once established his diplomatic reputation, and obtained for him in the following year the post of Minister at Berlin, where Frederick the Great, although past his prime, reigned in the full vigour of his tyrannical and eccentric genius. Next, after a few months in England in 1776, when he married, he was sent to St. Petersburg as our minister at the Court of the Empress Catherine, whose shameless passion for "favourites" affected even her policy, and where he had a hard battle to fight owing to the Empress's ill-will to England, although his *esprit* and remarkable conversational talents made him personally much more liked by the Empress than any of his diplomatic rivals. It appears to have been a costly office, and diplomatic salaries at that time were so inadequate that on leaving Russia he had diminished his private fortune to the extent of £20,000.

The severe climate of Russia broke down his health, and he returned to England in 1782, having previously received from the King the Order of the Bath, in acknowledgement of his services at the Russian Court. But two years afterwards he was despatched to the Hague, at that moment the scene of the most active political operations and manœuvres; the Stadtholder being then threatened with deposition, and Holland with subjection to France. In this emergency, Sir James Harris matured a bold plan of an Anglo-Prussian alliance and an intervention on behalf of Holland; a project which

Mirabeau, the French agent at Berlin, when he got wind of it, scouted as absurd, *et seulement la conception personnelle de cet audacieux et rusé Harris*, but which completely succeeded—freeing Holland from her peril, and winning high fame for its bold projector, who was created Baron Malmesbury, and received honours from the King of Prussia and the Stadtholder. Lord Malmesbury now enjoyed the almost unbounded confidence of his Government in all matters relating to foreign politics, and was entrusted with all the most important missions. In 1793, he was sent to Berlin, and in 1796 and again in the following year he was sent to France to endeavour to negotiate a peace with the French Directory. We cannot do more than simply mention those important missions; but we cannot refrain from noticing a mission of a very different kind which befel him in 1794, when he received orders "to ask of the Duke of Brunswick his daughter in marriage for the Prince of Wales." Lord Malmesbury had little hope of this union turning out well, but he had no discretionary power in the matter, so he married her Royal Highness by proxy, and brought her over to England. The Prince of Wales never forgave Lord Malmesbury for his share in this affair, which was certainly hard upon his Lordship, especially as he had no end of difficulties with the German princess, as well as with some of the ladies of the Court who had reasons of their own for hating Prince George's *fiancée*. Here is his Lordship's account of the first interview between the Princess and her royal betrothed:—

"I, according to the established etiquette, introduced (no one else being in the room) the Princess Charlotte to him. She very properly, in consequence of my saying to her it was the right mode of proceeding, attempted to kneel to him. He raised her (gracefully enough), and embraced her, said barely one word, turned round, retired to a distant part of the apartment, and calling me to him said, 'Harris, I am not well, pray get me a glass of brandy.' I said, 'Sir, had you not better have a glass of water?' upon which he, much out of humour, said with an oath, 'No!' and away he went. The Princess, left during the short moment alone, was in a state of astonishment, and on my joining her said, '*Mon Dieu! est-ce que le Prince est toujours comme cela? Je le trouve très gros, et nullement aussi beau que son portrait.*' I said his Royal Highness was naturally a good deal affected and flurried at this first interview, but she certainly would find him different at dinner.

"At dinner I was far from satisfied with the Princess's behaviour; it was flippant, rattling,

affected raillery and wit, and throwing out coarse vulgar hints about Lady —, who was present, and, though mute, *le diable n'en perdait rien*. The Prince was evidently disgusted. And this unfortunate dinner fixed his dislike, which, when left to herself, the Princess had not the talent to remove, but, by still observing the same giddy manners and attempts at cleverness and coarse sarcasm, increased it till it became positive hatred."

Soon after the Earl's last diplomatic mission to France, in 1797, he was seriously attacked by deafness, in consequence of which infirmity he thought it right to decline all further State employment either in the Cabinet or abroad; but during the lives of Mr. Pitt and the Duke of Portland, he remained in the most intimate political confidence of those Ministers and their principal colleagues. Indeed, during the greater part of the war with Napoleon, every scrap of important news received at the Foreign Office appears to have been forwarded to him; and in 1814 he was consulted by Lord Liverpool's Government on the readjustment of Europe, and the arrangements relating to Holland, Belgium, Luxembourg, and Prussia, were principally suggested and settled by him. During the closing years of his life (he died in 1820, at the age of seventy-five), he passed most of his time in London and at Park-place, his seat near Henley, receiving at his house constantly, and with the same pleasure, the rising generation of statesmen and literary men, as he had shown formerly in associating with his own distinguished contemporaries. He early appreciated the high talents of Mr. Canning, Lord Grenville, and Lord Palmerston, and used his influence with the statesmen of the time to draw special attention to those illustrious men who have now become memorable in English history. He was the guardian of Lord Palmerston, and by his influence obtained for him his first official appointment.

Two portraits of the Earl are given in

these volumes; one taken in the early part of his career when he was simple Mr. Harris, the other when he was full of years and honours, at the age of seventy. Both are handsome faces, but though the first has the advantage of youth, with a look of *esprit* and lively courage, the second is really the finer and nobler head—a phenomenon only observable in rare cases, where high intellect is united with goodness of heart and a well-balanced temperament. His grandson, who edits these works, and who—in consonance with the principles of life so wisely and admirably laid down by the first Earl, with special reference to the nobility, but whose beautiful precepts are applicable to all spheres of life—has devoted himself from youth to the public service, and has twice been the Foreign Minister of England, appends some true remarks as to the difference in the work and responsibilities of diplomatists which has been created by the progress of civilization and the great change in the political condition of the nations of Europe. But the result of those changes has been to lessen the responsibility and lighten the labour of our Ministers abroad, and the contrast serves only to heighten the well-won reputation of the diplomatist whose "Letters and Correspondence" have supplied materials for this article. The cynical but pre-eminently sagacious Talleyrand, speaking simply of Lord Malmesbury's intellectual powers and knowledge of human nature, apart from those high personal qualities by which he was distinguished, said, *Je crois que Lord Malmesbury était le plus habile Ministre que vous aviez de son temps. C'était inutile de le devancer, il fallait le suivre de près. Si on lui laissait le dernier mot, il avait toujours raison*. And as is shown alike by his official career, and by his private correspondence, we may well apply to the first Lord Malmesbury the epithet by which M. Thiers has so truly characterized Mr. Pitt—"ce pur Anglais."

A ST. PATRICK, says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, is evidently wanted in India as much as ever he was in Ireland. During the year 1869 no fewer than 11,416 persons in the Bengal Presidency died from the effects of snake bite. The return giving us this information has been carefully compiled; all the merely sick and wounded have been omitted, as well as those sudden deaths

which in India are often attributed to snake-bites by heirs to property unduly eager for their inheritance. Such a mortality from such a cause is sufficiently startling to the sophisticated mind of a stay-at-home Englishman, but the more surprising fact remains that this destruction of human life goes on year by year, and no efficacious means are adopted to check its ravages.

*CHAPTER XV.

AND now they were come; and Habermann stepped up to the carriage, and spoke a few words, which sprang from his heart to his lips, and the clear eyes of the young wife shone on the white hair of the old man like a sunbeam, full of friendly warmth, and before Axel noticed, — for with his surprise and his interrupted discourse, he was not prepared for the occasion, — she reached out her hand to him, and with the grasp of the hand a friendship was settled, without a word, for each had looked into the eyes of the other, and had read there clearness, truth and confidence. And now Axel was ready with his hand, and Schoolmaster Strull came forward with his Asels, and struck up a song of "Thanksgiving for particular occasions," No. 545, out of the Mecklenburg Psalm-book, "After a heavy thunder-storm," beginning, like a sensible man, with the second verse, because it seemed to him particularly appropriate, —

"We praise Thy might, Oh Lord," —

and Bräsig was trying to wave the flag, but Gust Kegel held it fast.

"Let go of the string, you rascal!" cried Bräsig.

"We know Thine anger's power," sung the schoolmaster.

"Boy, let go the string out of your hand!" screamed Bräsig again.

"Protect us by Thy grace
In sorrow's gloomy hour," —
sung the schoolmaster.

"Boy, when I get hold of you, I'll break every bone in your body!" roared Bräsig.

"They who rest within Thy arm,
Shall be safe from every harm,"
sang the schoolmaster.

"Herr, it sticks fast in the poplar," cried the boy, and Bräsig tugged at the flag, and brought down with it part of a branch, while the schoolmaster sung,

"How it roars and crashes!"

and Fritz Triddlesitz ran for the dinner-bell, which hung in the door-way, and played a storm, and Bräsig waved the flag, and the men and women, and servants and maids, and boys and girls shouted "Vivat!" and "Hurrah!" and David Däsel blew on his horn: "The Prussians have taken Paris, good times are coming now, toot! toot!"

LIVING AGE. VOL. XX. 916

toot!" and it was all so festive that no dog could help howling, and at the last "toot!" out sprang the old watch-dog, which Gust Kegel had mischievously unfastened, so that he might enjoy himself with the rest, and made straight for David Däsel's legs, and the two brown coach-dogs also began to sniff and howl in such a singular manner that it was really a piece of good fortune that Degel the coachman had his reins well in hand, and was prepared for emergencies.

As it was, all passed off well, and the carriage soon arrived safely at the manor-house, and Axel lifted out his lovely young bride. Inside the house, there was the same preparation and adornment, with flowers and greens, as outside, and among the wreaths and garlands, Marie Möller in a new red jaconet dress, with a fiery red face, moved her fiery red arms hither and thither, and when she had cooled off a little among the greens, ran back into the kitchen, to the cooking stove, as if she were a flatiron-heater, which must be kept constantly red-hot, — and when the gracious young lady stepped across the threshold, she came towards her, with her fiery arms outspread, as if she were a priestess of Moloch, and placed a wreath of bright red roses on the young lady's head, and then, falling back a couple of paces, and gesticulating with the fiery arm, as if striking out brilliant flames, she repeated a verse, which she had been learning for the last three months, under Bräsig's tuition, —

"Hail, beauteous lady, sweet and bright,
Accomplished, virtuous, wise and bland,
Deign to accept this offering slight,
From your devoted, humble servant's hand."

And when she had said her lesson, she threw wide open the door of the dining-room, and there stood a table spread for dinner, in good season, for it was high noon, and Axel said a word or two to his wife, and she nodded in a pleased way under her wreath of roses, and turned to the old inspector: he must be her guest to-day, and also the schoolmaster, and the young farmer, and would the old gentleman who had waved the flag honor them with his company also? Then she went to Marie Möller, and thanked her for her fine speech and all that she had done to welcome them, and would she have time to enjoy with them the nice things she had prepared? And Marie Möller became as red with delight as if there were a cooking stove in her heart, filled with glowing coals.

So, before long, they all came in. Habermann brought up Bräsig, and introduced him as his old friend of many years' standing, who had also been well acquainted with the late Herr Kammerrath, and would by no means be found wanting in taking his part in the rejoicing at Pumphelagen. And Bräsig went to Axel, and got hold of his hand, will he, nill he, and squeezed it, and, shaking his head back and forth, assured him of his friendship for life and death: "Herr Lieutenant, very dear and welcome, as I just said to Karl, how glad I shall be if you only take after your good father!" And then he turned to the young lady: "Gracious Frau Lieutenant," and fumbled after her hand, which he succeeded in grasping, and it looked as if he intended to kiss it; but he held it for a moment, and then said, "No! not that! I always kissed the hand of my gracious countess, and it was proper, as a token of service; I will not take that liberty, you are so lovely to look at; but if you ever need an old man's service — my name is Zachary Bräsig — just send for me, — a short mile from here — Hannerwiem, — and the day shall not be too hot for me, or the night too dark."

Bräsig's speeches were peculiar things; honest folks have a way of talking right out of their hearts, without thinking, at the moment, how they will be understood. Axel did not take it as it was meant. That such an one as Inspector Bräsig should presume to hold up an example to him, — even if it were his own father, to whom he was so deeply indebted, — did not suit him; he was put out of humor. Frida, who went to the heart of everything, took the old inspector's speech in her hand, like an onion, and shredded off the old, dry skins, one after another, and found a bright, hard kernel inside, and, as she cut it across, there was such a sound heart disclosed that she took the old fellow by the hand, and made him sit next to her at table.

Then came Fritz Triddelsitz, in the guise of a young proprietor, for he had arrayed himself in his blue coat with gilt buttons, which looked, for all the world, like a young son of Pomuchelskopp's. And then came Schoolmaster Strull, a great, strong fellow, whom the Lord had made fitter to be a hewer of wood than a trainer of children. The old boy looked, with his big head and his black suit, which was getting rusty, like a stout wheel-nail, which Fate had shoved to the wall, and which had quietly rusted there. His face was rather rusty, too, and the only thing

which looked gay about him was his shirt-bosom, which his old mother, because it was a little yellow, had dipped so generously in the blueing, that a fine sea-green color was the result.

These two were treated with special attention by Axel, and when he heard that Fritz's father was an apothecary in Rahnstadt, and could make chemical analyses (Analysen), he asked Fritz to sit next him, and as Uncle Bräsig heard the word "Analysen" he snapped it out of the Herr Lieutenant's mouth, and said, aside to Habermann, "Allelüssen? Allelüssen? What does he mean by Allelüssen? Some kind of vermin?" and without waiting for an answer, he said to Axel: "Gracious Herr Lieutenant, for such stuff you must let the apothecary's son bring you a pot of "ungewendten Napoleon," (unguentum Neapolitarum), which was, naturally, quite incomprehensible to Axel. But if he had understood it, he had no time to explain, for as soon as they were fairly seated, — the schoolmaster not more than a quarter, for he balanced himself on the edge of his chair, — he launched forth into his favorite subject, the farming of the estate, and began to enrich the fields with bone-dust, and Chili saltpetre and guano, and laid out behind the garden a great plantation of hops; while old Habermann said to himself, he had not thought the young Herr knew so little about farming, and wondered how Bräsig could sit there and laugh at it all. But that was very natural, since Bräsig took all these brilliant plans of Axel's for a good joke, and when the young Herr had got his hop-field in working order, Bräsig laughed heartily, and said, "Of course the soil must first be prepared, — and when we are through with this preparation, we can fertilize it a little more, and then we can raise raisins and almonds, to feed the pigs with; you have no idea, gracious Frau Lieutenant," — turning to the lady — "how sweet a pig tastes, that is fatted on raisins and almonds."

This was not pleasing to Axel; he looked down, and knitted his brows in vexation; but he was too fairly started in his agricultural progress to be turned back for such a trifle; he began on tillage, and told about his invention of a machine for a clod-breaker, and with that he turned graciously to his neighbor, to Fritz Triddelsitz, who gave such uncommonly intelligent answers that Marie Möller sat listening, with open mouth, and inwardly smote on her breast, and cried, "God be merciful to me a sinner! Ignorant worm

that I am, to stretch out my hand toward him! No! a goose might as well seek to mate with an eagle."

When the dinner was over, the gracious lady arose, took her leave of the company, and said to Habermann that Axel and herself proposed going over the estate, the next morning, and reckoned on his company to show them the way. Habermann assented with pleasure, and when she had left the room the bottle went round the table once more, and Daniel Sadenwater brought cigars.

At Frida's request, Axel had retained the old servant, and Daniel had put on the old master's knife and fork, and so consecrated them, in his mind, to the new master, and every time he presented a dish on the salver to his young Herr, he laid himself with it as an offering, and his old eyes said clearly, his young master might do with him whatever he liked, he had given him all.

Bräsig accepted a "Zichalie," as he called them, and informed Herr von Rambow that he smoked such a thing, now and then, of Köster Bröker's make, though they were a little strong to be sure. Axel made no reply; he did not like Bräsig, he thought he had been laughing at him, and did not appreciate his knowledge of agriculture. Fritz Triddelsitz was a much more agreeable listener; he had nodded, and shaken his head, and admired so much, and ah'd and oh'd and wondered, till Axel appeared to himself a great light in agriculture, set up on a lofty candlestick, to enlighten Pumpelhaven and the country round about, and, for all I know, the world itself.

As I have often said, Axel was a good fellow, he liked to make everything bright and pleasant about him; the good dinner, the costly wine, the feeling that he was master, had excited benevolent thoughts, to which he must give expression. He called Habermann to the window, and asked him how he was satisfied with Fritz. Habermann said, pretty well; he had learned a good many things, and he hoped, in time, he might become a skilful farmer. This was quite enough, in Axel's gracious mood; he asked, farther, how much salary Fritz received, and whether he had a horse. No, said Habermann, he had neither horse nor salary, as yet; he gave nothing, and he got nothing.

Axel then turned to Fritz, and said, "Dear Triddelsitz, I am glad to hear from the Herr Inspector that he is very much pleased with you; I shall do myself the pleasure of offering you, for the next year,

a small salary of fifty thalers, and the keeping of a horse."

Fritz could not believe his ears; that Habermann was very much pleased with him was sufficiently wonderful,—fifty thalers, that would be very nice; but a horse! that took away his breath and his senses, so that he could scarcely thank Axel. The latter left him little time, however, but turned back to Habermann, at the window. And now galloped through Fritz's brain all the old horses of the whole region, black and brown and gray and chestnut, and he held parley with each one of them, as if the Rahnstadt horse-market were going on in his head, and Bräsig sat opposite and grinned.

All at once, this blessed child of fortune cried out, "Herr Inspector, next month the Grand Duke makes his entry into Rahnstadt, I must have her by that time, for the reception, for we young country-people are to receive him."

"Whom must you have?" asked Bräsig.

"The chestnut mare, the Whalebone mare, Gust Prebberow has her."

"I know her," said Bräsig, very coolly.

"Famous horse!"

"An old sch —" he couldn't say schinder (carriage) he bethought himself in time that he was in a distinguished house, so he said, "she is an old shyer, and you can't do anything with her when the Grand Duke comes to Rahnstadt, for she cannot hear a 'Hurrah!'"

That was fatal, for a great many hurrahs would be necessary on that occasion; but Fritz knew that Bräsig delighted in contradicting him, on every opportunity, and he would not let him see his disappointment.

Meanwhile, Axel had favored the old inspector with a brief discourse upon the progress recently made in the science of agriculture, and at the close, put into the old man's hand a book, with the words, "I have the pleasure of giving you this book; it should be the Bible of every farmer."

Habermann thanked him gratefully, and, as it was now beginning to grow dark, the company broke up. The two old inspectors and Schoolmaster Strull, who was invited to accompany them, went to Habermann's house; Fritz Triddelsitz went to the stables.

What he wanted there, nobody knew, certainly not himself, but a sort of instinct drew him toward the horses, as if to bring his inner man into harmony with the outward world, and so he went, in the half-twilight, up and down behind the old farm-horses, that he had seen a thousand

times, and examined their legs. This one had spavin, — nobody should sell him a spavined horse, he would take care of that, — bones shaped like a ship; this one was balky, — he found out what a balky horse was, two years ago; this had fits, — a man must be a fool to be imposed upon by such a horse; this had swellings, not dangerous, blistered a little by the crupper-iron; and then came wind-galls, and other ills which horse-flesh is heir to; and through all this his thoughts were dwelling on a friendly smile, and a wonderfully fair face, that of his gracious lady, with whom, since dinner, he had fallen desperately in love, and the ungrateful rascal was conspiring against the happiness of the master who had just been so kind to him.

"Yes," said he, as he stood in the stable-door, and the evening light sunk softly into darkness, "what is Louise Habermann compared with this angel! No, Louise, I am sorry for you! But I cannot imagine how I came to fall in love with you. And then Mining and Lining! A pair of little goslings! And Marie Möller, to be sure! A lump of misfortune! How she looked to-day beside the gracious lady, like a wild plum beside a peach. And when I get the chestnut mare, then — 'Gracious lady, any commands?' Perhaps a letter for the post? or when she is coming home from some ball at Rahnstadt, and old Daniel Sadenwater is not at hand — down with the carriage steps, hand her out — 'Ah, I have forgotten my handkerchief,' or 'my overshoes,' — 'They shall be sent for immediately,' and then I mount my chestnut, — *hs — hsch* — off we go, — in half an hour I am back again. 'Gracious lady, here are the overshoes,' and then she says, 'Thanks, dear Triddelsitz, for this kindness,' — thunder and lightning! the confounded pole!" for as he went back to the house, in the dark, absorbed in these charming anticipations, he stumbled over a carriage-pole, left there by his own negligence, and lay, in all his gorgeous attire, upon something which felt very soft. What it was, he didn't know, but his nose had a sort of suspicion, and he thought he should do well to examine himself by the light, before going into Habermann's room.

Meanwhile the three old men had gone in, and, as they were sitting in the twilight, Bräsig asked:

"Karl, is the book a story-book, to read in the winter evenings?"

"Eh, Zachary, I don't know. I will light a candle, and we can see."

When it was light, Habermann was going

to look at the title; but Bräsig took the book out of his hand:

"No, Karl, we have a scholar here, let Strull read it."

Strull began to read, all in a breath, as if he were reading the Sunday's lesson out of the Gospels, stopping only for a strange word: "'Printed by Friedrich Vieweg and Son in Brunswick Chemistry in its Relation to Agriculture and Phy-si-o-logy.'"

"Hold!" cried Bräsig, "that word isn't right, it should be 'fisionomy.'"

"No," said Strull, "it is spelled 'physiology.'"

"For all I care, Strull," said Bräsig; "let them spell their outlandish words as they please, at one time this way, another time another way. Go ahead!"

"By Justus Liebig, Doctor of Medicine and Philosophy, Professor of Chemistry at the Ludwig's University at Giessen, Knight of the Grand Ducal Hessian Ludwig's Order, and of the Imperial Russian St. Annen, Order of the Third Class, Corresponding Member of the Royal Academy of Science at Stockholm," — now comes some Latin which I cannot read, — 'Honorary Member of the Royal Academy at Dublin —'

"Stop!" cried Bräsig, "Lord preserve us, what is all this fellow?"

"But that isn't all, by a great deal, there is ever so much more."

"We will give him the rest. Go ahead!"

"Fifth Revised and much Enlarged Edition. Brunswick published by Vieweg and Son 1843.' Now comes a preface."

"Let that go, too," said Bräsig. "Begin at the beginning."

"The heading runs in this way: 'SUBJECT' with a line underneath."

"Well!" said Bräsig. "Go on!"

"Organic Chemistry has for its purpose the investigation of the chemical conditions of life, and the complete development of all organisms.' Period."

"What sort of things?" asked Bräsig.

"All organisms," said the schoolmaster.

"Well," exclaimed Bräsig, "I have heard a great many outlandish words, but 'organisms,' organ — Hold! Karl, don't you know 'Herr Orgon stood before his door,' that we used to learn by heart, with Pastor Behrens, out of Gellert? Do you suppose this organ can be any connection of his?"

"Let it go, for the present, Bräsig, we don't understand it yet."

"No? why not, Karl?" said his old friend, "We can learn. You will see, this is a water-book; they always begin

with something you can't understand. Go ahead!"

"The existence of all living beings is carried on by the reception of certain materials into the system, which we call means of nourishment; they are expended by the organism for its own improvement and reproduction. Period."

"The man is right there," said Bräsig; "Means of nourishment belong to living beings, and"—taking the book out of Strull's hands, "they are expended by the organism,"—now I know what organism means; it means the stomach."

"Yes," said the schoolmaster, "but then here is 'reproduction.'"

"Ah," said Bräsig, off hand, "production! We have got used to that of late years; when I was a child, nobody knew anything about production; but now they call every bushel of wheat and every ox a production. It is only an ornamental way of speaking, that they may appear learned."

So they went on for a little while, until the schoolmaster went home, and when he had gone, the two old friends sat together, quietly and trustfully,—for Bräsig was to spend the night at Pumpelhofen,—until Habermann gave a deep sigh, and said:

"Ah, Zachary, I am afraid there are hard times coming for me."

"Why so? Your young Herr is a lively, witty fellow; what amusing things he said about farming!"

"Yes, that is the very thing; you took it for jest, but he meant it for earnest."

"He meant it for earnest?"

"Certainly he did. He has studied farming out of new-fashioned books, and they don't agree with our old ways, and though I should be very glad to understand the new methods, I can't do it, I haven't the requisite knowledge."

"You are right there, Karl! See, the sciences always seem to me, like seafaring. When one has been used to it from a child, going up the mast, and out on the shrouds, he can do it when he is old without being dizzy-headed, and so a school-boy, who is trained in the sciences from his youth up, won't be dizzy either and can run out with ease, even in his old age, on any rope that science stretches out for him. Do you understand me, Karl?"

"I understand you. But we did not learn in our young days, and for dancing on such ropes," pointing to the book, "my old bones are too stiff. Ah, I would not say a word against it, he can farm in the new fashion, for all me, and I will help him to the best of my power; but this kind of

farming needs a long purse, and that is something we haven't got. I supposed, at first, he would get something with his wife; but it couldn't have been much, for even the new equipage and the new furniture were ordered from Rahnstadt, and the first shilling is not yet paid for them."

"Well, Karl, never mind; he hasn't made a bad bargain. The lady pleased me uncommonly."

"She pleased me, too, Bräsig."

"And you can see by your own dear sister, what the right sort of woman can accomplish, in a family. I must go and see her to-morrow, for the two confounded divinity students will be getting into all sorts of mischief. And so, good-night, Karl."

"Good-night, Bräsig."

CHAPTER XVI.

FRITZ TRIDDELSITZ darted about the Pumpelhofen court-yard next morning, like a pickerel in a fish-pond, for he had put on his little uniform, the green hunting-jacket, and gray breeches, to please the gracious lady,—as he said,—that her lovely eyes might have something agreeable to look upon. His own eyes, which were usually directed to Habermann's window like the compass to the north star, wandered this morning over the whole front of the manor-house, and when a window was raised, and the young Herr put his head out and called to him, he darted across the court-yard, like a pickerel, as if Axel in his silver-gray dressing-gown were a flat-fish, and the red handkerchief about his neck were the fins.

"Triddelsitz," said Herr von Rambow, "I have decided to make a little address to my people this morning; get them together here at nine o'clock, before the house."

"To command," said Fritz, using this form of speech to do honor to the Herr Lieutenant.

"Where is the inspector? I wish to speak to him; there is no hurry, however."

"He has just gone out with Inspector Bräsig."

"Very well. When he comes back."

"Fritz made a particularly fine bow, and went off; but turned back after a little, and asked:—

"Does Herr von Rambow wish the women to come also?"

"No, merely the men. However,—wait a moment,—yes, you may tell the housewives to come."

"To command," said Fritz, and went to

the village, and told the housewives and the men who were at work about the farmyard, to put on their best clothes. It was eight o'clock already, and if the farm-laborers who were at work in the fields were to be there by nine, and also in state, they must be called. So he started for the fields.

Habermann had walked a little way with his old friend, and was now crossing the field to join the laborers, when Fritz came hurrying over the hill, as fast as his slovenly gait and the broken ground of the ploughed field would allow.

"Herr Inspector, you must let them stop work, the people are all to be at the manor-house by nine o'clock, the Herr is going to deliver an oration."

"What is he going to do?" asked Habermann, in astonishment.

"Deliver an oration," was the reply, "the laborers have already been notified, and the woman also. He had forgotten them, but I reminded him of them in time."

"You might——" have been in better business, Habermann was going to say, but controlled himself, and said quietly, "then do your errand to the people."

"You are to come, too."

"Very well," said the old man, and turned, quite out of humor, towards the house. He had pressing work for his teams, and they would be taken out of the field for the whole morning; however he could have got over that, that was not the trouble. His master had issued orders, the very first day, without taking him into counsel, he had consulted with Triddelsitz instead, and there could be no hurry about the matter; but although he felt the slight, it wasn't that so much which annoyed him; it was the "oration" itself. Why should he talk to the people? Would he admonish them about their duties? The people were good, they did their work as simply and naturally as eating and drinking, they had no idea that they were doing any thing remarkable; and it was a mistake to lecture such people about their duties. If they were much talked to, they would begin to grow discouraged. In one sense laborers are like children, they would soon reckon their duty as a merit. Or was he going to bestow gifts upon them? He was good-natured enough. But what would he give them? They had all that they needed, and he could not give them anything definite, he did not know their circumstances well enough, he could merely give them fair words and general promises, which each would fill out according to his own wishes,

and which it would be impossible to make good. And so he would make the people discontented.

These were his thoughts, as he entered his master's room. The young wife was there, ready for the walk agreed upon, the night before. She came towards him in a friendly manner: "We must wait a little while, Herr Inspector; Axel will speak to the people first."

"That will not take long," said Axel, who was turning over his papers. There was a knock at the door. "Come in!" and Fritz entered, with a letter in his hand. "From Gurlitz," said he.

Axel broke the seal, and read; it was an odious letter, it was from Slushur, the notary, who announced himself as coming before noon, with David; they were accidentally at Herr Pomuchelskopp's, and had heard from him that Herr von Rambow was returned, and since they must speak with him on necessary business, they begged his permission, etc. The business was very urgent, however, as was mentioned in a postscript. Axel was in great perplexity, for he could not decline the visit; he went out and told the messenger the gentlemen were welcome, and when he came in again, he seemed so disturbed that his wife asked, "What is the matter?"

"Oh, nothing. But I think my talk to the laborers may take longer than I supposed; it will be best for you to go alone with the Herr Inspector to see the fields."

"Oh, Axel, I was so pleased at the thought of going with you."

"Yes; but it cannot be helped, my dear child. I know the fields well enough. Go with the Herr Inspector, dear Frida, and—well, as soon as ever I can, I will follow you."

It seemed to Habermann that he was really in haste to get rid of them; so he helped him in his design, and the young lady finally started, upon his invitation, though a little out of humor.

When they were gone, and the whole village had come together, Axel made his address, although the pleasure of this state occasion was quite spoiled for him by that infamous letter; for, however he might put it to himself, his own pleasure, and the importance which he felt as master, were his chief reasons for the undertaking. As for the speech itself, it happened much as Habermann had feared. Admonitions and promises, in lofty words and fine figures of speech, paraded themselves quite unintelligibly before the old laborers' eyes, and the only things which they saw clearly,

though somewhat dazzled by these, were the golden wings of the benefits he promised them, saying that his people were to come to him with every wish; he would care for them like a father.

"Yes," said Päsel to Däsel, "'father;' I like that. He will do it. I shall go to him to-morrow, and ask him to let me wean a calf next year."

"But you had one last year."

"That is no matter; I can sell it to the weaner in Gurlitz."

"Yes," said Kegel to Degel. "I shall go to him to-morrow, and ask him to let me have twenty roods more of potato land next spring; mine will not last through the winter."

"Eh! you didn't hoe your potatoes at the right time; the old man gave you a fine scolding for it."

"No matter; *he* knows nothing about it, and he is master now, and not the inspector."

So unrest and discontent were in full progress; Axel himself was restless and discontented, because he dreaded the coming visit, and the only being at the Pumpelshagen farm, who, though restless, was yet contented, was Fritz Triddelsitz, so the young Herr had not altogether thrown his pearls before swine.

Slusuhr and David came, and what shall I say about their visit? They sang the same song which they did before, and Axel had to write the notes for it. This time, he did it readily. Borrowing is certainly a bad business; but there is not a business in the world, down to beheading and hanging, so bad that somebody will not pursue it with satisfaction; I have known people who were not contented till they had borrowed money of all Judea and Christendom, and if Axel had not gone quite so far, he was ready enough to improve favorable circumstances; he added a new debt, to-day, to those he already owed David, that he might pay for the new furnishing of his house, "in order not to have to do with so many people, but with one;" but he probably did not reflect that this one was worse than a thousand others.

Meanwhile Habermann and the young Frau were going through the fields. The clear summer morning soon drove away the little shadows of annoyance from her fresh face, and her bright eyes looked at everything with hearty interest, and desire to inform herself, and Habermann saw, with great pleasure, that she understood the business. She had been brought up in the country, and it was natural to her to observe things that lay a little out of her

usual way, and that not superficially, she must know a reason for everything. Thus she knew enough about farming to feel quite at home here, although her father's place was a great sand-hill, and Pumpelshagen was the finest wheat soil, and if she saw anything unfamiliar which she did not understand, the old Inspector helped her, with brief, simple explanations. The walk was, for both of them, a real pleasure, and from a pure, mutual pleasure grows the fair blossom, Confidence.

They came to the Gurlitz boundary, and Habermann showed her the Pastor's field, and told her how the late Kammerrath had taken it in lease.

"And the barley, over yonder?" asked the young Frau.

"That is Gurlitz ground and soil; that belongs to Herr Pomuchelskopp."

"Ah, that is the proprietor who greeted us yesterday, with his family," said Frida.

"What sort of a man is he?"

"I have no intercourse with him," said Habermann, a little embarrassed.

"But you know him, don't you?" asked the young lady.

"Yes—no—that is, I used to know him, but since he has lived here, we have nothing to do with each other," said the old man, and would have spoken of something else; but Frida laid her hand on his arm, and said,—

"Herr Inspector, I am a stranger in this region,—Axel seems to be acquainted, though only superficially, with this man; are they suitable associates for us?"

"No," said Habermann, short and hard.

They walked on, each occupied in thought. The young Frau stood still, and asked, "Can you, and will you, tell me the reason why you have broken off intercourse with this man?"

Habermann looked at her thoughtfully. "Yes," said he, finally, rather as if he were speaking to himself, "and if you receive my words with the same confidence that the blessed Kammerrath did, it may be for your profit," and he told her his story, without heat or anger, but also without restraint. The young Frau listened attentively, without interrupting him, and when he had finished said merely:

"I half disliked those people yesterday; I quite dislike them to-day."

They had just come through the Pastor's field, up to the garden fence, when a clear, joyous voice sounded from the other side: "Good morning, father! Good morning!" and the lovely young girl, whom Frida had seen yesterday, came running through the garden gate towards the old

inspector. She stopped suddenly as she saw the gracious lady, and stood blushing, so that Habermann must help himself to his good-morning kiss, if he meant to have it at all.

Full of happiness and pride, the old man introduced his dear daughter; the young Frau spoke to her very kindly, and urged her to come often to Pumpelbogen, to visit her father and herself; and when Habermann had sent greetings to the Pastor and the Pastorin, she took leave, and they continued their walk.

"The Pastor and his wife must be very good people?" said Frida.

"Gracious lady," said Habermann, "you ask this question of no impartial man. These people have saved for me all that was left out of my misfortunes; they have given loving protection and nurture to my only child, and taught her everything good; I can only think of them with the highest respect and the deepest gratitude. But ask in the neighborhood, if you will; rich and poor, high and low, will speak of them with respect and affection."

"Herr Pomuchelskopp, too?" inquired the gracious lady.

"If he would speak honestly, and without prejudice, yes," said the old man, "but as he is now—he quarrelled with the Pastor, soon after his arrival here, about this very field, in which we are walking. It was not the Pastor's fault; I gave the first provocation to his anger, because I advised the blessed Herr to rent the field. And, gracious lady," he added, after a moment, "Pumpelbogen cannot spare this field; the advantage is too great for us to give it up."

Frida asked him to explain it more fully, and, when she understood the matter, it was easy to see that she said to herself, she would do what she could to keep the field.

As they came into the Pumpelbogen court-yard Slusuhr the notary and David were just starting off, and Axel stood before the door taking leave of them as politely as if Slusuhr were the colonel of his regiment, and David a young count.

"Who is that?" asked Frida of Habermann. He told her. Then she greeted her husband, and asked, "But, Axel, what business have you with these people, and why are you so uncommonly polite to them?"

"Polite?" repeated Axel, "why not? I am polite to everybody," with a quick glance at Habermann, who met it quietly and firmly.

"Of course you are," said his wife, taking his arm, in order to go into the house with him, "but towards a common Jew money-lender and——"

"Dear child," interrupted Axel hastily, to prevent her saying more, "the man is a produce-dealer, and wool-merchant, I shall often have business to transact with him."

"And the other?" she inquired.

"Oh, he—he only came along with him accidentally. I have nothing to do with him."

"Adieu, Herr Inspector," said Frida, giving her hand to the old man, "I thank you very much for your friendly company."

With that, she went into the house. Axel followed her; at the door he looked round, the old inspector's eyes rested sadly upon him, and he turned away. He followed his wife into the house.

In this honest and mournful glance lay the whole future of the three persons who had just separated.

Axel had lied; he had betrayed, for the first time, the confidence of his young wife, and Habermann knew it, and Axel knew that Habermann knew it. Here was a stone in the path, over which every one must stumble who passed that way, for the path was darkened by falsehood and dissimulation, and no one could speak to another of the stone, and warn him against it. Frida went onward innocently and trustfully; but how long would it be before she would stumble over this stone? Axel tried to deceive himself, also, he thought he could bring her safely over it, in the darkness, without her being aware of it, and, beyond, the path would be smooth. Habermann saw the danger clearly, and could and would have helped; but if he stretched out his hand to point it out, and warn them against it, Axel repulsed him with coldness, and secret resentment. People say that a bad man will, in time, conceive a hatred for one who has bestowed benefits upon him; it is possible, but that is nothing to the secret gnawing and boring of resentment, which a weak man feels towards one who is the only person in the world conscious of his falsehood. Such a feeling is not developed at once, like downright hatred, born of open strife and contention, but bores slowly and gradually into the heart, like the death-worm into dry wood, and eats deeper and deeper, till the whole heart is full of ill-will and bitterness, as the wood is full of worm-dust.

From The Cornhill Magazine.
SHEARING IN RIVERINA, NEW SOUTH
WALES.

"SHEARING commences to-morrow!" These apparently simple words were spoken by Hugh Gordon, the manager of Anabanco station, in the district of Riverina, in the colony of New South Wales, one Monday morning in the month of August. The utterance had its importance to every member of a rather extensive "corps dramatique" awaiting the industrial drama about to be performed.

A low sand-hill a few years since had looked out over a sea of grey plains, covered partly with grass, partly with salsiferous bushes and herbs. Two or three huts built of the trunks of the pine and roofed with the bark of the box-tree, and a skeleton-looking cattle-yard with its high "gallows" (a rude timber stage whereon to hang slaughtered cattle), alone broke the monotony of the plain-ocean. A comparatively small herd of cattle, 2,000 or 3,000, found more than sufficient pasturage during the short winter and spring, but were always compelled to migrate to mountain pastures, when the swamps which alone in those days formed the water-stores of the run, were dried up. But two or three, or at most half-a-dozen, stockmen, were ever needed for the purpose of managing the herd, so inadequate in number and profitable occupation to this vast tract of grazing country.

But, a little later, one of the great chiefs of the wool-producing interest—a shepherd-king, so to speak, of shrewdness, energy, and capital,—had seen, approved, and purchased, the lease of this waste kingdom. Almost at once, as if by magic, the scene changed. Great gangs of navvies appeared wending their way across the silent plain. Dams were made, wells were dug. Tons of fencing-wire were dropped on the sand by the long line of teams which seemed never tired of arriving. Sheep by thousands, and tens of thousands, began to come grazing and cropping up to the lonely sand-hill—now swarming with blacksmiths, carpenters, engineers, fencers, shepherds, bullock-drivers—till the place looked like a fair on the borders of Tartary.

Meanwhile everything was moving with calculated force and cost, under the "reign of law." The seeming expense was merely the economic truth of doing all the necessary work at once, rather than by instalments. One hundred men for one day rather than one man for a hundred days. Results soon began to demonstrate them-

selves. In twelve months the dams were full, the wells sending up their far-fetched priceless water, the wire-fences erected, the shepherds gone, and 17,000 sheep cropping the herbage of Anabanco. Tuesday was the day fixed for the actual commencement of the momentous, almost solemn transaction,—the pastoral Hegira, so to speak, as the time of most station events is calculated with reference to it, as happening before or after shearing. But before the first shot is fired which tells of the battle begun, what raids and skirmishes, what reconnoitring and vidette duty must take place!

First arrives the cook-in-chief to the shearers, with two assistants, to lay in a few provisions for the week's consumption of seventy able-bodied men. I must here explain that the cook of a large shearing-shed is a highly paid and tolerably irresponsible official. He is paid and provided by the shearers. Payment is generally arranged on the scale of half-a-crown a head weekly from each shearer. For this sum he must provide punctual and effective cooking, paying out of his own pocket as many "marmitons" as may be needful for that end, and to satisfy his tolerably exacting and fastidious employers.

In the present case he confers with the storekeeper, Mr. de Vere; a young gentleman of aristocratic connexions, who is thus gaining an excellent practical knowledge of the working of a large station,—and to this end has the store-keeping department entrusted to him during shearing.

He does not perhaps look quite fit for a croquet party as he stands now, with a flour-scoop in one hand and a pound of tobacco in the other. But he looks like a man at work, and also like a gentleman, as he is. "Jack the Cook" thus addresses him:

"Now, Mr. de Vere, I hope there's not going to be any humbugging about my rations and things! The men are all up in their quarters, and as hungry as free selectors. They've been a-payin' for their rations for ever so long, and of course, now shearing's on, they're good for a little extra!"

"All right, Jack," returns De Vere, good-temperedly; "all your lot was weighed out and sent away before breakfast. You must have missed the cart. Here's the list. I'll read it out to you:—Three bags flour, half a bullock, two bags sugar, a chest of tea, four dozen of pickles, four dozen of jam, two gallons of vinegar, five lbs. pepper, a bag of salt, plates, knives,

forks, ovens, frying-pans, saucepans, iron pots, and about a hundred other things. Now, mind you, return all the cooking things safe, or *pay for them*—that's the order. You don't want anything more, do you? You've got enough for a regiment of cavalry, I should think."

"Well, I don't know. There won't be much left in a week if the weather holds good," makes answer the chief, as one who thought nothing too stupendous to be accomplished by shearers; "but I knew I'd forget something. As I'm here I'll take a few dozen boxes of sardines, and a case of pickled salmon. The boys likes 'em, and, murder alive! haven't we forgot the plums and currants; a hundredweight of each, Mr. de Vere. They'll be crying out for plum-duff and currant buns for the afternoon; and bullying the life out of me, if I have'n't a few trifles like. It's a hard life, surely, a shearers' cook. Well, good-by, sir, you have 'em all down in the book."

Lest the reader should imagine that the rule of Mr. Gordon at Anabanco was a reign of luxury and that waste which tendeth to penury, let him be aware that all shearers in Riverina are paid at a certain rate, usually that of one pound per hundred sheep shorn. They agree, on the other hand, to pay for all supplies consumed by them at certain prices fixed before the shearing agreement is signed. Hence, it is entirely their own affair whether their mess bills are extravagant or economical. They can have anything within the rather wide range of the station store. *Pâtés de foie gras*, ortolans, roast ostrich, novels, top-boots, double-barrelled guns, *if they like to pay for them*—with one exception. No wine, no spirits! Neither are they permitted to bring these stimulants "on to the ground" for their private use. Grog at shearing? Matches in a powder-mill! It's very sad and bad; but our Anglo-Saxon industrial or defensive champion cannot be trusted with the fire-water. Navvies, men-of-war's men, soldiers, and shearers,—fine fellows all. But though the younger men might only drink in moderation, the majority and the older men are utterly without self-control once in the front of temptation. And wars, "wounds without cause," hot heads, shaking hands, delay and bad shearing, would be the inevitable results of spirits "*à la discrétion*." So much is this a matter of certainty from experience, that a clause is inserted and cheerfully signed, in most shearing agreements, "that any man getting drunk or

bringing spirits on to the station during shearing, *loses the whole of the money earned by him*." The men know that the restriction is for their benefit, as well as for the interest of the master, and join in the prohibition heartily.

Let us give a glance at the small army of working-men assembled at Anabanco, one out of hundreds of stations in the colony of New South Wales, ranging from 100,000 sheep downwards. There are seventy shearers; about fifty washers, including the men connected with the steam-engine, boilers, bricklayers, &c.; ten or twelve boundary-riders, whose duty is to ride round the large paddocks, seeing that the fences are all intact, and keeping a general look-out over the condition of the sheep; three or four overseers; half-a-dozen young gentleman acquiring a practical knowledge of sheep-farming, or, as it is generally phrased, "colonial experience," a comprehensive expression enough; a score or two of teamsters, with a couple of hundred horses or bullocks, waiting for the high-piled wool-bales, which are loaded up and sent away as soon as shorn; wool-sorters, pickers-up, pressers, yardsmen, extra shepherds. It may easily be gathered from this outline, what an "army with banners" is arrayed at Anabanco. While statistically inclined, it may be added, that the cash due for the shearing alone (less the mess-bill) amounts to 1,700*l.*; for the washing (roughly), 400*l.*, exclusive of provisions consumed, hutting, wood, water, cooking, &c. Carriage of wool 1,500*l.* Other hands from 30*l.* to 40*l.* per week. All of which disbursements take place within from eight to twelve weeks after the shears are in the first sheep.

Tuesday comes "big with fate." As the sun tinges the far sky-line, the shearers are taking a slight refecton of coffee and currant buns, to enable them to withstand the exhausting interval between six and eight o'clock, when the serious breakfast occurs. Shearers always diet themselves on the principle that the more they eat the stronger they must be. Digestion, as preliminary to muscular development, is left to take its chance. They certainly do get through a tremendous amount of work. The whole frame is at its utmost tension, early and late. But the preservation of health is due to their natural strength of constitution rather than to their profuse and unscientific diet. Half-an-hour after sunrise Mr. Gordon walks quietly into the vast building which contains the sheep and their shearers—called "the shed," par

excellence. Everything is in perfect cleanliness and order. The floor swept and smooth, with its carefully planed boards of pale yellow aromatic pine. Small tramways, with baskets for the fleeces, run the wool up to the wool-tables, superseding the more general plan of hand-picking. At each side of the shed floor are certain small areas, four or five feet square, such space being found by experience to be sufficient for the postures and gymnastics practised during the shearing of a sheep. Opposite to each square is an aperture, communicating with a long narrow paved yard, outside of the shed. Through this each man pops his sheep when shorn, where he remains in company with others shorn by the same hand, until counted out. This being done by the overseer or manager supplies a check upon hasty or unskilful work. The body of the wool-shed, floored with battens placed half an inch apart, is filled with the woolly victims. This enclosure is subdivided into minor pens, of which each fronts the place of two shearers, who catch from it until the pen is empty. When this takes place, a man for the purpose refills it. As there are local advantages, an equitable distribution of places has to be made by lot.

On every subdivision stands a shearer, as Mr. Gordon walks, with an air of calm authority, down the long aisle. Seventy men, chiefly in their prime, the flower of the working-men of the colony, they are variously gathered. England, Ireland and Scotland are represented in the proportion of one half of the number; the other half is composed of native-born Australians.

Among these last — of pure Anglo-Saxon or Anglo-Celtic descent — are to be seen some of the finest men, physically considered, the race is capable of producing. Taller than their British-born brethren, with softer voices and more regular features, they inherit the powerful frames and unequalled muscular development of the breed. Leading lives chiefly devoted to agricultural labour, they enjoy larger intervals of leisure than is permissible to the labouring-classes of Europe. The climate is mild, and favourable to health. they have been accustomed, from childhood, to abundance of the best food; opportunities of intercolonial travel are frequent and common. Hence the Anglo-Australian labourer, without, on the one hand, the sharpened eagerness which distinguishes his Transatlantic cousin, has yet an air of independence and intelligence, combined with a natural grace of

movement, woolly unknown to the peasantry of Britain.

An idea is prevalent that the Australians are, as a race, physically inferior to the British. It is asserted that they grow too fast, tend to height and slenderness, and do not possess adequate stamina and muscle. The idea is erroneous. The men reared in cities on the seaboard, living sedentary lives in shops, banks, or counting-houses, are doubtless more or less pale and slight of form. So are they who live under such conditions all over the world. But those youngsters who have followed the plough on the upland farms, or lived a wilder life on the stations of the far interior, who have had their fill of wheaten bread and beefsteaks since they could walk, and snuffed up the free bush breezes from infancy, they are *men* —

Stout of heart and ready of hand,
As e'er drove prey from Cumberland;

— a business, I may remark, at which many of them would have distinguished themselves.

Take Abraham Lawson, as he stands there in a natural and unstudied attitude, six feet four in his stockings, wide-chested, stalwart, with a face like that of a Greek statue. Take Billy May, fair-haired, mild, unsouciant, almost languid, till you see him at work. Then, again, Jack Windsor, handsome, saucy, and wiry as a bull-terrier — like him, with strong natural inclination for the combat: good for any man of his weight, or a trifle over, with the gloves or without.

It is curious to note how the old English practice of settling disputes with nature's weapons has taken root in Australia. It would "gladden the sullen souls" of the defunct gladiators to watch two lads, whose fathers had never trodden England's soil, pull off their jackets, and go to work "hammer and tongs," with all the savage silence of the true island type.

It is now about seven o'clock. Mr. Gordon moves forward. As he does so, every man leans towards the open door of the pen in front of which he stands. The bell sounds! With the first stroke each one of the seventy men, has sprung upon a sheep; has drawn it out — placed its head across his knee, and is working his shears, as if the "last man out" was to be flogged, or tarred and feathered at the least. Four minutes — James Steadman, who learned last year, has shorn down one side of his sheep; Jack Holmes and Gundajai Bill are well down the other sides of theirs; when Billy May raises himself with a jerking

sigh, and releases his sheep, perfectly clean-shorn from the nose to the heels, through the aperture of his separate enclosure. With the same effort apparently he calls out "Wool!" and darts upon another sheep. Drawing this second victim across his knee, he buries his shearp-points in the long wool of its neck. A moment after a lithe and eager boy has gathered up fleece number one, and tossed it into the train basket. He is half-way down its side, the wool hanging in one fleece like a great glossy mat, before you have done wondering whether he did really shear the first sheep, or whether he had not a ready-shorn one in his coat-sleeve — like a conjuror.

By this time Jack Holmes and Gundajai Bill are "out," or finished; and the cry of "Wool! wool!" seems to run continuously up and down the long aisles of the shed, like a single note upon some rude instrument. Now and then the "refrain" is varied by "Tar!" being shouted instead, when a piece of skin is snipped off as well as the wool. Great healing properties are attributed to this extract in the shed. And if a shearer slice off a piece of flesh from his own person, as occasionally happens, he gravely anoints it with the universal remedy, and considers that the onus then lies with Providence, there being no more that man can do. Though little time is lost, the men are by no means up to the speed which they will attain in a few days, when in full practice and training. Their nerve, muscle, eye, endurance, will be all at, so to speak, concert-pitch, and sheep after sheep will be shorn with a precision and celerity even awful to the unprofessional observer.

The unpastoral reader may be informed that speed and completeness of denudation are the grand desiderata in shearing: the employer thinks principally of the latter, the shearer principally of the former. To adjust equitably the proportion is one of those incomplete aspirations which torment humanity. Hence the contest — old as human society — between labour and capital.

This is the first day. According to old-established custom a kind of truce obtains. It is before the battle, — the "salut," when no hasty word or too demonstrative action can be suffered by the canons of good taste. Red Bill, Flash Jack, Jem the Scooper, and other roaring blades, more famous for expedition than faithful manipulation, are shearing to-day with a painstaking precision, as of men to whom character is everything.

Mr. Gordon marches softly up and down, regarding the shearers with a paternal and gratified expression, occasionally hinting at slight improvements of style, or expressing unqualified approval as a sheep is turned out shaven rather than shorn. All goes on well. Nothing is heard but expressions of good-will and enthusiasm for the general welfare. It is a triumph of the dignity of labour.

One o'clock. Mr. Gordon moved on to the bell and sounded it. At the first stroke several men on their way to the pens stopped abruptly and began to put on their coats. One fellow of an alert nature (Master Jack Windsor) had just finished his sheep and was sharpening his shears, when his eye caught Mr. Gordon's form in proximity to the final bell. With a bound, like a wild-cat, he reached the pen and drew out his sheep a bare second before the first stroke, amidst the laughter and congratulations of his comrades. Another man had his hand on the pen-gate at the same instant, but by the Median law was compelled to return sheepless. He was cheered, but ironically. Those whose sheep were in an unfinished stage quietly completed them; the others moving off to their huts, where their board literally smoked with abundance. An hour passed. The meal was concluded; the smoke was over; and the more careful men were back in the shed sharpening their shears by two o'clock. Punctually at that hour the bell repeated its summons *da capo*. The warm afternoon gradually lengthened its shadows; the shears clicked in tireless monotone; the pens filled and became empty. The wool-presses yawned for the mountain of fleeces which filled the bins in front of them, divided into various grades of excellence, and continuously disgorged them, neatly and cubically packed and branded.

At six the bell brought the day's work to a close. The sheep of each man were counted in his presence, and noted down with scrupulous care, the record being written out in full and hung up for public inspection in the shed next day. This important ceremony over, master and men, manager, labourers and supernumeraries, betook themselves to their separate abodes, with such keen avoidance of delay, that in five minutes not a soul was left in or near the great building lately so busy and populous, except the boys who were sweeping up the floor. The silence of ages seems to fall and settle upon it.

Next morning at a rather earlier hour every man is at his post. Business is meant decidedly. Now commences the

delicate and difficult part of the superintendence which keeps Mr. Gordon at his post in the shed, nearly from daylight till dark, for from eight to ten weeks. During the first day he has formed a sort of gauge of each man's temper and workmanship. For now, and henceforth, the natural bias of each shearer will appear. Some try to shear too fast, and in their haste shear badly. Some are rough and savage with the sheep, which do occasionally kick and become unquiet at critical times; and it must be confessed are provoking enough. Some shear very fairly and handsomely to a superficial eye, but commit the unpardonable offence of "leaving wool on." Some are deceitful, shearing carefully when overlooked, but "racing" and otherwise misbehaving directly the eye of authority is diverted. These and many other tricks and defects require to be noted and abated, quietly but firmly, by the manager of the shed, — firmly because evil would develop and spread ruinously if not checked; quietly, because immense loss might be incurred by a strike. Shearing differs from other work in this wise: it is work against time, more especially in Riverina. If the wool be not off the backs of the sheep before November, all sorts of drawbacks and destructions supervene. The spear-shaped grass-seeds, specially formed as if in special collusion with the Evil One, hasten to bury themselves in the wool, and even in the flesh of the tender victims. Dust rises in red clouds from the unmoistened, betrampled meadows so lately verdurous and flower-spangled. From snowy white to an unlovely "bistre" turn the carefully washed fleeces, causing anathema from overseers and depreciation from brokers. All these losses of temper, trouble, and money, become inevitable if shearing be protracted, it may be, beyond a given week.

Hence, as in harvest with a short allowance of fair weather, discipline must be tempered with diplomacy. Lose your temper, and be over particular: off go Billy May, Abraham Lawson, and half-a-dozen of your best men, making a weekly difference of perhaps two or three thousand sheep for the remainder of the shearing. Can you not replace them? Not so! Every shed in Riverina will be hard at work during this present month of September and for every hour of October. Till that time not a shearer will come to your gate; except, perhaps, one or two useless, characterless men. Are you to tolerate bad workmanship? Not that either. But try all other means with your

men before you resort to harshness; and be quite certain that your sentence is just, and that you can afford the defection.

So our friend Mr. Gordon, wise from many tens of thousands of shorn sheep that have been counted out past his steady eye, criticizes temperately, but watchfully. He reproves sufficiently, and no more, any glaring fault; makes his calculation as to who are really bad shearers, and can be discharged without loss to the commonwealth, or who can shear fairly and can be coached up to a decent average. One division, slow, and good only when slow, have to be watched lest they emulate "the talent," and so come to grief. Then "the talent" has to be mildly admonished from time to time lest they force the pace, set a bad example, and lure the other men on to "racing." This last leads to slovenly shearing, ill-usage of the sheep, and general dissatisfaction.

Tact, temper, patience, and firmness are each and all necessary in that Captain of Industry, who has the very delicate and important task of superintending a large wool-shed. Hugh Gordon had shown all in such proportion as would have made him a distinguished man anywhere, had fortune not adjusted for him this particular profession. Calm with the consciousness of strength, he was kind and considerate in manner as in nature, until provoked by glaring dishonesty or incivility. Then the lion part of his nature woke up, so that it commonly went ill with the aggressor. As this was matter of public report, he had little occasion to spoil the repose of his bearing. Day succeeds day, and for a fortnight the machinery goes on smoothly and successfully. The sheep arrive at an appointed day and hour by detachments and regiments at the wash-pen. They depart thence, like good boys on Saturday night, redolent of soap and water, and clean to a fault; — entering the shed white and flossy as newly-combed poodles, to emerge, on the way back to their pasturage, slim, delicate, agile, with a bright black A legibly branded with tar on their paper-white skins.

The Anabanco world — stiffish but undaunted — is turning out of bed one morning. Ha! what sounds are these? and why does the room look so dark? Rain, as I'm alive. "Hurrah!" says Master Jack Bowles, one of the young gentlemen. He is learning (more or less) practical sheep-farming, preparatory to having (one of these days) an Anabanco of his own. "Well, this is a change, and I'm not sorry for one," quoth Mr. Jack. "I'm stiff all

over. No one can stand such work long. Won't the shearers growl? No shearing to-day, and perhaps none to-morrow either." Truth to tell, Mr. Bowles' sentiments are not confined to his ingenuous bosom. Some of the shearers grumble at being stopped "just as a man was earning a few shillings." Those who are in top pace and condition don't like it. But to many of the rank and file—working up to and a little beyond their strength—with whom swelled wrists and other protests of nature are becoming apparent, it is a relief, and they are glad of the respite. So at dinner-time all the sheep in the sheds, put in overnight in anticipation of such a contingency, are reported shorn. All hands are then idle for the rest of the day. The shearers dress and avail themselves of various resources. Some go to look at their horses, now in clover, or its equivalent, in the Riverina graminetum. Some play cards, others wash or mend their clothes. A large proportion of the Australians having armed themselves with paper, envelopes, and a shilling's-worth of stamps from the store, bethink themselves of neglected or desirable correspondents. Many a letter for Mrs. Leftalone, Wallaroo Creek, or Miss Jane Sweetapple, Honey-suckle Flat, as the case may be, will find its way into the post-bag to-morrow. A pair of the youngsters are having a round or two with the gloves; while to complete the variety of recreations compatible with life at a wool-shed, a selected troupe are busy in the comparative solitude of that building, at a rehearsal of a tragedy and a farce, with which they intend, the very next rainy day, to astonish the population of Anabanco.

At the home-station a truce to labour's "alarms" is proclaimed except in the case and person of Mr. de Vere. So far is he from participation in the general holiday, that he finds the store thronged with shearers, washers, and "knock-about men," who being let loose, think it would be nice to go and buy something "pour passer le temps." He therefore grumbles slightly at having no rest like other people.

"That's all very fine," says Mr. Jack Bowles, who, seated on a case, is smoking a large meerschaum and mildly regarding all things; "but what have you got to do when we're all *hard at work* at the shed?" with an air of great importance and responsibility.

"That's right, Mr. Bowles," chimes in one of the shearers; "stand up for the shed. I never see a young gentleman work as hard as you do."

"Bosh!" growls De Vere; "as if anybody couldn't gallop about from the shed to the wash-pen, and carry messages, and give half of them wrong! Why, Mr. Gordon said the other day, he should have to take you off and put on a Chinaman,—that he couldn't make more mistakes."

"All envy and malice, and t'other thing, De Vere, because you think I'm rising in the profession," returns the good-natured Bowles. "Mr. Gordon's going to send 20,000 sheep, after shearing, to the Lik Lak paddock, and he said I should go in charge."

"Charge be hanged!" laughs De Vere (with two very bright-patterned Crimean shirts, one in each hand, which he offers to a tall young shearer for inspection). "There's a well there, and whenever either of the two men, of whom you'll have charge, gets sick or runs away, you'll have to work the whim in his place, till another man's sent out, if it's a month."

This appalling view of station promotion rather startles Mr. Jack, who applies himself to his meerschaum, amid the ironical comments of the shearers. However, not easily daunted or "shut up," according to the more familiar station phrase, he rejoins, after a brief interval of contemplation, "that accidents will happen, you know, De Vere, my boy—*à propos* of which moral sentiment, I'll come and help you in your dry-goods business; and then, look here, if you get ill or run away, I'll have a profession to fall back upon." This is held to be a Roland of sufficient pungency for De Vere's Oliver. Every one laughed. And then the two youngsters betook themselves to a humorous puffing of the miscellaneous contents of the store: tulip-beds of gorgeous Crimean shirts, boots, books, tobacco, canvas-slippers, pocket-knives, Epsom salts, pipes, pickles, painkillers, pocket-handkerchiefs and pills, sardines, saddles, shears and sauces; in fact everything which every kind of man might want, and which apparently every man did want, for large and various were the purchases, and great the flow of conversation. Finally, everything was severely and accurately debited to the purchasers, and the store was cleared and locked up. A large store is a necessity of a large station; not by any means because of the profit upon goods sold, but it obviously would be bad economy for old Bill, the shepherd, or Barney, the bullock-driver, to visit the next township, from ten to thirty miles distant, as the case may be, every time the former wanted a pound of tobacco, or the latter a pair of boots. They

might possibly obtain these necessary articles as good in quality, as cheap in price. But there are wolves in that wood, oh, my weak brothers! In all towns dwells one of the "sons of the Giant"—the Giant Grog—red-eyed, with steel muscles and iron claws; once in these, which have held many and better men to the death, Barney nor Bill emerges, save pale, fevered, nerveless, and impecunious. So arose the station store. Barney befits himself with boots without losing his feet; Bill fills his pocket with match-boxes and smokes the pipe of sobriety, virtuous perforce till his carnival, after shearing.

The next day was wet, and threatened further broken weather. Matters were not too placid with the shearers. A day or two for rest is very well, but continuous wet weather means compulsory idleness, and gloom succeeds repose; for not only are all hands losing time and earning no money, but they are, to use the language of the stable, "eating their heads off" the while. The rather profuse mess and general expenditure, which caused little reflection when they were earning at the rate of two or three hundred a year, became unpleasantly suggestive, now that all is going out and nothing coming in. Hence loud and deep were the anathemas as the discontented men gazed sadly or wrathfully at the misty sky.

A few days' showery weather having therefore, well nigh driven our shearers to desperation, out comes the sun in all his glory. He is never far away or very faint in Riverina. All the pens are filled for the morrow; very soon after the earliest sunbeams the bell sounds its welcome summons, and the whole force tackles to the work with an ardour proportioned to the delay, every man working as if for the ransom of his whole family from slavery. How men work spurred on by the double excitement of acquiring social reputation and making money rapidly! Not an instant is lost; not a nerve, limb, or muscle doing less than the hardest task-master could flog out of a slave. Occasionally you see a shearer, after finishing his sheep, walk quickly out, and not appearing for a couple of hours, or perhaps not again during the day. Do not put him down as a sluggard; be assured that he has tasked nature dangerously hard, and has only given in just before she does. Look at that silent slight youngster, with a bandage round his swollen wrist. Every "blow" of the shears is agony to him, yet he disdains to give in, and has been working "in distress" for hours. The pain is

great, as you can see by the flush which occasionally surges across his brown face, yet he goes on manfully to the last sheep, and endures to the very verge of fainting.

There was now a change in the manner and tone of the shed, especially towards the end of the day. It was now the ding of the desperate fray, when the blood of the fierce animal man is up, when mortal blows are exchanged, and curses float upward with the smoke and dust. The ceaseless clicking of the shears—the stern earnestness of the men, toiling with a feverish and tireless energy—the constant succession of sheep shorn and let go, caught and commenced—the occasional savage oath or passionate gesture, as a sheep kicked and struggled with perverse delaying obstinacy—the cuts and stabs, with attendant effusion of blood, both of sheep and shearers—the brief decided tones of Mr. Gordon, in repression or command—all told the spectator that tragic action was introduced into the performance. Indeed, one of the minor excitements of shearing was then and there transacted. Mr. Gordon had more than once warned a dark sullen-looking man that he did not approve of his style of shearing. He was temporarily absent, and on his return found the same man about to let go a sheep, whose appearance, as a shorn wool-bearing quadruped, was painful and discreditable in the extreme.

"Let your sheep go, my man," said he, in a tone which somehow arrested the attention of nearly all the shearers; "but don't trouble yourself to catch another!"

"Why not?" said the delinquent, sulkily.

"You know very well why not!" replied Gordon, walking closely up to him, and looking straight at him with eyes that began to glitter. "You've had fair warning; you've not chosen to take it. Now you can go!"

"I suppose you'll pay a man for the sheep he's shorn?" growled out the ruffian.

"Not one shilling until after shearing. You can come then if you like," answered Mr. Gordon, with perfect distinctness.

The cowed bully looked savagely at him; but the tall powerful frame and steady eye were not inviting for personal arbitration of the matter in hand. He put up his two pairs of shears, put on his coat, and walked out of the shed. The time was past when Red Bill or Terrible Dick (ruffians whom a sparse labour-market rendered necessary

evils) would have flung down his shears upon the floor and told the manager that if he didn't like that shearing he could shear his — sheep himself and be hanged to him; or, on refusal of instant payment, would have proposed to bury his shears in the intestines of his employer by way of adjusting the balance between Capital and Labour. Many wild tales are told of wool-shed rows. I knew of one squatter stabbed mortally with that fatal and convenient weapon, a shear-blade.

The man thus summarily dealt with could, like most of his companions, shear very well if he took pains. Keeping to a moderate number of sheep, his workmanship could be good. But he must needs try and keep up with Billy May or Abraham Lawson, who can shear from 100 to 130 sheep per day, and do them beautifully. So in "racing" he works hastily and badly, cuts the skin of his luckless sheep nearly as often as the wool, and leaves wool here and there on them, grievous and exasperating to behold. So sentence of expulsion goes forth fully against him. Having arrayed himself for the road he makes one more effort for a settlement and some money wherewith to pay for board and lodging on the road. Only to have a mad carouse at the nearest township, however; after which he will tell a plausible story of his leaving the shed on account of Mr. Gordon's temper, and avail himself of the usual free hospitality of the bush to reach another shed. He addresses Mr. Gordon with an attempt at conciliation and deference.

"It seems very 'ard sir, as a man can't get the trifle of money coming to him, which I've worked 'ard for."

"It's very hard you won't try and shear decently," retorts Mr. Gordon by no means conciliated. "Leave the shed!"

Ill-conditioned rascal as he is, he has a mate or travelling-companion in whose breast exists some rough idea of fidelity. He now takes up the dialogue.

"I suppose if Jim's shearing don't suit, mine won't either."

"I did not speak to you," answered Mr. Gordon, as calmly as if he had expected the speech; "but of course you can go too." He said this with an air of studied unconcern, as if he would rather like a dozen more men to knock off work. The two men walk out; but the epidemic does not spread; and several take the lesson home and mend their ways accordingly.

The weather now was splendid; not a cloud specked the bright blue sky. The shearers continue to work at the same ex-

press-train pace; fifty bales of wool roll every day from the wool-presses; as fast as they reach that number they are loaded upon the numerous drays and waggons which have been waiting for weeks. Tall brown men have been recklessly cutting up hides for the last fortnight, wherewith to lash the bales securely. It is considered safer practice to load wool as soon as may be; fifty bales represent about a thousand pounds sterling. In a building, however secure, should a fire break out, a few hundred bales are easily burned; but once on the dray, this much-dreaded "edax rerum," in a dry country has little chance. The driver, responsible to the extent of his freight, generally sleeps under his dray; hence both watchman and insulation are provided.

The unrelaxing energy with which the work was pushed at this stage was exciting and contagious; at or before daylight every soul in the great establishment was up. The boundary-riders were always starting off for a twenty or thirty mile ride, and bringing tens of thousands of sheep to the wash-pen; at that huge lavatory there was splashing and soaking all day with an army of washers; not a moment is lost from daylight till dark, or used for any purpose save the all-engrossing work and needful food. At nine o'clock p.m. luxurious dreamless sleep, given only to those whose physical powers have been taxed to the utmost and who can bear without injury the daily tension.

Everything and everybody were in splendid working order, — nothing out of gear. Rapid and regular as a steam-engine the great host of toilers moved onward daily with a march which promised an unusually early completion. Mr. Gordon was not in high spirits, — for so cautious and far-seeing a captain rarely felt himself so independent of circumstances as to indulge in that reckless mood — but much satisfied with the prospect. Whew! the afternoon darkens, and the night is delivered over to water-spouts and hurricanes, as it appears. Next day raw, gusty, with light heavy showers, drains to be cut, roofs to be seen to, shorn sheep shivering, washers all playing pitch-and-toss, shearers sulky; everybody but the young gentlemen wearing a most injured expression of countenance. "Looks as if it would rain for a month," says Long Jack. "If we hadn't been delayed might have had the shearing over by this." Reminded that there are 50,000 sheep yet remaining to be shorn, and that by no possibility could they have been finished. Answers, "he

supposes so, always the same, everything sure to go agin the poor man." The weather did not clear up. Winter seemed to have taken thought, and determined to show even this land of eternal summer that he had his rights. The shed would be filled, and before the sheep so kept dry were shorn, down would come the rain again. Not a full day's shearing for ten days. Then the clouds disappeared as if the curtain of a stage had been rolled up, and lo! the golden sun fervid and impatient to obliterate the track of winter.

The first day after the recommencement, matters went much as usual. Steady work and little talk, as if every one was anxious to make up for the lost time. But on the second morning after breakfast, when the bell sounded, instead of the usual cheerful dash at the sheep, every man stood silent and motionless in his place. Some one uttered the words "roll up!" Then the seventy men converged, and slowly, but with one impulse, walked up to the end of the shed where stood Mr. Gordon.

The concerted action of any body of men bears with it an element of power which commands respect. The weapon of force is theirs, it is at their option to wield it with or without mercy. At one period of Australian colonization a superintendent in Mr. Gordon's position might have had good ground for uneasiness. Mr. Jack Bowles saw in it an "émeute" of a democratic and sanguinary nature, regretted deeply his absent revolver, but drew up to his leader prepared to die by his side. That calm centurion felt no such serious misgivings. He knew that there had been dire grumbling among the shearers in consequence of the weather. He knew that there were malcontents among them. He was prepared for some sort of demand on their part, and had concluded to make certain concessions of a moderate degree. So looking cheerfully at the men, he quietly awaited the deputation. As they neared him there was a little hesitation, and then three delegates came to the front. These were Old Ben, Abraham Lawson, and Billy May. Ben Thornton had been selected from his age and long experience of the rights and laws of the craft. He was a weather-beaten, wiry old Englishman, whose face and accent, darkened as the former was by the Australian summers of half a century, still retained the trace of his native Devonshire. It was his boast that he had shorn for forty years, and as regularly "knocked-down" (or spent in a single debauch) his shearing-

money. Lawson represented the small freeholders, being a steady, shrewd fellow, and one of the fastest shearers. Billy May stood for the fashion and "talent," being the "Ringer," or fastest shearer of the whole assembly, and as such truly admirable and distinguished.

"Well now, men," quoth Mr. Gordon, cheerily meeting matters half-way, "what's it all about?" The younger delegate looked at old Ben, who, now that it "was demanded of him to speak the truth," or such dilution thereof as might seem most favourable to the interests of the shed, found a difficulty like many wiser men about his exordium.

"Well, Muster Gordon," at length he broke forth, "look'ee here, sir. The weather's been awful bad, and clean agin shearing. We've not been earning our grub, and ——"

"So it has," answered the manager, "so it has; but can I help the weather? I'm as anxious as you are to have the shearing over quickly. We're both of one mind about that, eh?"

"That's all right enough, sir," struck in Abraham Lawson; who felt that Ben was getting the worst of the argument, and was moreover far less fluent than usual, probably from being deprived of the aid of the customary expletives: "but we're come to say this, sir: that the season's turned out very wet indeed; we've had a deal of broken time, and the men feel it very hard to be paying for a lot of rations, and hardly earning anything. We're shearing the sheep very close and clean. You won't have 'em done no otherways. Not like some sheds where a man can 'run' a bit and make up for lost time. Now we've all come to think this, sir, that if we're to go on shearing the sheep well, and to stick to them, and get them done before the dust and grass-seed come in, that you ought to make us some allowance. We know we've agreed for so much a hundred, and all that. Still as the season's turned so out-and-out bad, we hope you'll consider it and make it up to us somehow."

"Never knew a worse year," corroborated Billy May, who thought it indispensable to say something; "haven't made enough, myself, to pay the cook."

This was not strictly true, at any rate, as to Master Billy's own earnings; he being such a remarkably fast shearer (and good withal), that he had always a respectable sum credited to him for his day's work, even when many of the slower men came off short enough.

However, enough had been said to make Mr. Gordon fully comprehend the case. The men were dissatisfied. They had come in a roundabout way to the conclusion that some pecuniary concession, not mentioned in their bond, should come from the side of capital to that of labour. Whether wages, interest of capital, share of profits, reserve fund, they knew not nor cared. This was their stand. And being Englishmen they intended to abide by it.

The manager had considered the situation before it actually arose. He now rapidly took in the remaining points of debate. The shearers had signed a specific agreement for a stipulated rate of payment, irrespective of the weather. By the letter of the law, they had no case. Whether they made little or much profit, was not his affair. But he was a just and kindly man, as well as reasonably politic. They had shorn well, and the weather had been discouraging. He knew, too, that an abrupt denial might cause a passive mutiny, if not a strike. If they set themselves to thwart him, it was in their power to shear badly, to shear slowly, and to force him to discharge many of them. He might have them fined, perhaps imprisoned by the police-court. Meanwhile how could shearing go on? Dust and grass-seeds would soon be upon them. He resolved on a compromise, and spoke out at once in a firm and decided tone as the men gathered up yet more closely around him.

"Look here, all of you; you know very well that I'm not bound to find you in fine weather. Still I am aware that the season has been against you; you have shorn pretty well, so far, though I've had to make examples, and am quite ready to make more. What I am willing to do, is this: to every man who works on till the finish and shears to my satisfaction, I will make a fair allowance in the ration account. That is, I will make no charge for the beef. Does that suit you?" There was a chorus of "All right sir, we're satisfied." "Mr. Gordon always does the fair thing," &c. And work was immediately resumed with alacrity.

The clerk of the weather, too gracious even in these regions as far as the absence of rain is concerned, was steadily propitious. Cloudless skies and a gradually ascending thermometer alone were the signs that spring was changing into summer. The splendid herbage ripened and died; patches of bare earth began to be discernible amid the late thick-swarded pastures, dust to rise and cloud pillars of sand to

float and eddy,—the desert genii of the Arab. But the work went on at a high rate of speed, outpacing the fast-coming summer; and before any serious disasters arose, the last flock was "on the battens," and, amid ironical congratulations, the "cobble," or last sheep was seized, and stripped of his rather dense and difficult fleece. In ten minutes the vast wool-shed, lately echoing with the ceaseless click of the shears, the jests, the songs, the oaths of the rude congregation, was silent and deserted. The floors were swept, the pens closed, the sheep on their way to a distant paddock. Not a soul remains about the building but the pressers, who stay to work at the rapidly lessening piles of fleeces in the bins, or a meditative teamster who sits musing on a wool-bale, absorbed in a calculation as to when his load will be made up.

It is sundown, a rather later time of closing than usual, but rendered necessary by the possibility of the "grand finale." The younger men troop over to the hut, larking like schoolboys. Abraham Lawson throws a poncho over his broad shoulders, lights his pipe, and strides along, towering above the rest, erect and stately as a guardsman. Considerably more so than you or I, dear reader, would have been, had we shorn 130 sheep, as he has done to-day. Billy May has shorn 142, and he puts his hand on the five-foot paling fence of the yard and vaults over it like a deer, preparatory to a swim in the creek. At dinner you will see them all with fresh Crimeans and Jerseys, clean, comfortable, and in grand spirits. Next morning is settling-day. The book-keeping department at Anabanco being severely correct, all is in readiness. Each man's tally or number of sheep shorn has been entered daily to his credit. His private and personal investments at the store have been as duly debited. The shearers, as a corporation, have been charged with the multifarious items of their rather copious mess-bill. This sum total is divided by the number of the shearers, the extract being the amount for which each man is liable. This sum varies in its weekly proportion at different sheds. With an extravagant cook, or cooks, the weekly bill is often alarming. When the men and their functional study economy it may be kept very reasonably low.

The men have been sitting or standing about the office for half-an-hour when Mr. Jack Bowles rushes out, and shouts "Will iam May." That young person, excessively clean, attired in a quiet tweed suit

with his hair cut very correctly short, advances with an air of calm intrepidity, and faces Mr. Gordon, now seated at a long table, wearing a judicial expression of countenance.

"Well, May! here's your account:—

So many sheep, at £1 per 100.	£	—
Cook, so many weeks	£	
Shearing store account	£	
Private store account	£	
Total	£	—

"Is the tally of your sheep right? Oh! I daresay it's all right, Mr. Gordon. I made it so and so; about ten less."

"Well, well! ours is correct, no doubt. Now I want to make up a good subscription for the hospital this year. How much will you give? you've done pretty well, I think."

"Put me down a pound, sir."

"Very well, that's fair enough; if every one gives what they can afford, you men will always have a place to go to when you're hurt or laid up. So I put your name down, and you'll see it in the published list. Now about the shearing, May. I consider that you've done your work very well, and behaved very well all through. You're a fast shearer, but you shear closely, and don't knock your sheep about. I therefore do not charge you for any part of your meat-bill, and I pay you at the rate of half-a-crown a hundred for all your sheep, over and above your agreement. Will that do?"

"Very well, indeed, and I'm much obliged to you, Mr. Gordon."

"Well, good-by, May! always call when you're passing, and if any work is going on you'll get your share. Here's your cheque. Send in Lawson." Exit May, in high spirits, having cleared about three pounds per week, during the whole term of shearing, and having lived a far from unpleasant life, indeed akin to that of a fighting cock, from the commencement to the end of that period.

Lawson's interview may be described as having very similar results. He, also, was a first-class shearer, though not so artistic as the gifted Billy. Jack Windsor's saucy blue eyes twinkled merrily as he returned to his companions, and incontinently leaped on the back of his wild-eyed colt. After these three worthies came a shearer named Jack; he belonged to quite a different class; he could shear very well if he pleased, but had a rooted disbelief that honesty was the best policy, and a fixed

determination to shear as many sheep as he could get the manager to pass. By dint of close watching, constant reprimand, and occasional "raddling" (marking badly-shorn sheep and refusing to count them), Mr. Gordon had managed to tone him down to average respectability of execution; still he was always uneasily aware that whenever his eye was not upon him, Jackson was doing what he ought not to do with might and main. He had, indeed, kept him on from sheer necessity, but he intended none the less to mark his opinion of him.

"Come in, Jackson! your tally is so-and-so. Is that right?"

Jackson. — "I suppose so."

"Cook and store account, so much; shearing account so much."

Jackson. — "And a good deal too."

"That is your affair," said Mr. Gordon, sternly enough. "Now look here: you're in my opinion a bad shearer and a bad man. You have given me a great deal of trouble, and I should have kicked you out of the shed weeks ago, if I had not been short of men; I shall make a difference between you and men who have tried to do their best; I make you no allowance of any sort; I pay you by the strict agreement; there's your cheque. Go!"

Jackson goes out with a very black countenance. He mutters with a surly oath that if "he'd known how he was going to be served he'd ha' 'blocked 'em a little more." He is pretty well believed to have been served right, and he secures no sympathy whatever. Workingmen of all classes are shrewd and fair judges generally. If an employer does his best to mete out justice he is always appreciated and supported by the majority. These few instances will serve as a description of the whole process of settling with the shearers. The horses have all been got in. Great catching and saddling-up has taken place all the morning. By the afternoon the whole party are dispersed to the four winds: some, like Abraham Lawson and his friends, to sheds "higher up," in a colder climate, where shearing necessarily commences later. From these they will pass to others, until the last sheep in the mountain runs are shorn. Then those who have not farms of their own betake themselves to reaping. Billy May and Jack Windsor are quite as ready to back themselves against time in the wheat-field as on the shearing-floor. Harvest over, they find their pockets inconveniently full, so they commence to visit their friends and repay themselves for their toils by a tol-

erably liberal allowance of rest and recreation.

Old Ben and a few choice specimens of the olden time get no further than the nearest public house. Their cheques are handed to the landlord and a "stupendous and terrible spree" sets in. At the end of a week he informs them that they have received liquor to the amount of their cheques — something over a hundred pounds — save the mark! They meekly acquiesce, as is their custom. The landlord generously presents them with a glass of grog each, and they take the road for the next wool-shed.

The shearers being despatched, the sheep-washers, a smaller and less regarded force, file up. They number some forty men. Nothing more than fair bodily strength, willingness and obedience being required in their case, they are more easy to get and replace than shearers. They are a varied and motley lot. That powerful and rather handsome man is a New Yorker, of Irish parentage. Next to him is a slight, neat, quiet individual. He was a lieutenant in a line regiment. The lad in the rear was a Sandhurst cadet. Then came two navvies and a New Zealander, five Chinamen, a Frenchman, two Germans, Tin Pot, Jerry, and Wallaby — three aboriginal blacks. There are no invidious distinctions as to caste, colour, or nationality. Every one is a man and a brother at sheep-washing. Wage, one pound per week; wood, water, tents, and food "à la discrétion." Their accounts are simple: so many weeks, so many pounds; store

account, so much; hospital? well, five shillings; cheque, good-morning.

The wool-pressers, the fleece-rollers, the fleece-pickers, the yardsmen, the washers' cooks, the hut cooks, the spare shepherds; all these and a few other supernumeraries inevitable at shearing-time, having been paid off, the snow-storm of cheques which has been fluttering all day comes to an end. Mr. Gordon and the remaining "sous-officiers" go to rest that night with much of the mental strain removed which has been telling on every waking moment for the last two months.

The long train of drays and waggons, with loads varying from twenty to forty-five bales, has been moving off in detachments since the commencement. In a day or two the last of them will have rolled heavily away. The 1,400 bales, averaging three and a half hundredweight, are distributed, slow journeying, along the road, which they mark from afar, standing huge and columnar like guide tumuli, from Anabanco to the waters of the Murray. Between the two points there is neither a hill nor a stone. All is the vast monotonous sea of plain — at this season a prairie-meadow exuberant of vegetation; in the late summer, or in the occasional and dreaded phenomenon of a *dry winter*, dusty, and herbless as a brickfield, for hundreds of miles.

Silence falls on the plains and waters of Anabanco for the next six months. The wool-shed, the wash-pen, and all the huts connected with them, are lone and voiceless as caravanserais in a city of the plague.

The American Compass Plant. — DR. THOMAS HILL who read a paper on this subject before the American Association at the last meeting, says that in June, 1869, as he was coming from Omaha to Chicago, on a very dark rainy day — so dark that he could not form any estimate of the compass from the sunlight — at three different points on the prairies he noticed young plants of *Silphium laciniatum*, and estimated from them, while going at full speed, the course of the railway track. On reaching Chicago he procured, by the kindness of the officers of the C. & N. W. road, detailed maps of the track, and found where he had estimated the bearing at 35°, 75°, and 90°, the true bearings were 31°, 78°, and 90°. In October, 1869, being detained by an accident at Tama, he gathered seed, and this spring raised a few

seedlings. Drought and insects destroyed part of them, and he could only give the history of eight plants, with fourteen leaves. Ten of these fourteen leaves showed a strong disposition, when about four inches high, to turn to the meridian; the other four showed a feeble disposition to turn in the same direction. These ten leaves, on coming up in June, had an average bearing of 42°, and the mean bearing was nearly as large. But in August the same ten leaves showed an average bearing of only 4 1-2°, and the mean bearing was but 2 1-2°. Dr. Hill refers this polarity to the sunlight, the two sides of the leaf being equally sensitive, and struggling for equal shares. He hoped in a more favourable summer to test this, and several other points which had suggested themselves, by experiments.

From Good Words.

THE DRESSMAKERS.

IN TWO PARTS. — I.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PLEASANT LIFE IN THE NORTH."

It is many years since Robert Stewart came to dwell among us. Previously he was a tenant in the Aird of Langrigs, where he rented a holding of some eighty acres of arable land, at a rent of £55. The farm had some "outrun" — uncultivated land — attached to it, which greatly improved its value; and, although it had the disadvantage of being too large for cultivation by one pair of horses, and yet was too small fully to employ two, on the whole it was easily rented, and he sat comfortably in it. He was a large-framed and stout man, sanguine and active of temperament; and while he did the work of his farm with his own hands, helped by his sons, of whom there were two, he so much interested himself in the affairs of the district and the private concerns of others, that his own work was not uncommonly in arrear at seed-time or harvest. He was an intelligent man, well versed in country matters, and as, unfortunately, his father had at one time been a messenger-at-arms, he had some smattering of legal knowledge, and a turn for letter-writing and general advising. Indeed, in this he prided himself, and in pursuit of this hobby he had formed relations with certain lawyers at Inderwick, who were not the most scrupulous of their profession. To them he delighted to introduce his friends who thought themselves aggrieved. So distinguished was he for his readiness to interfere in this way, and for the general sagacity of his advice, that, popularly, he was known as "Counsellor Stewart."

He was a widower, and besides the two sons who helped him in the farm, he had also two daughters. In his circumstances, his daughters might reasonably have been held to work — to fill the manure-carts in spring, to thin the turnip-drills in summer, and to help in the harvest-rigs in autumn; but he would not so treat them. No doubt, in early days, when not at school, they had tended the cattle, and later they had learned to milk the kye and make butter. But on their mother's death, when the eldest was sixteen, he committed to them the whole household work, with the care of the dairy and its produce, and would not in any way have them engage in out-work. Soon they understood how narrow was their father's income, how little economical he was, and to what

straits he was sometimes reduced on the approach of rent-day. Then it was that the elder, who had acquired some knowledge of dressmaking from her mother — perhaps inherited from her a taste for it — quietly began to do "white seam" for the people of larger possessions in their neighbourhood, and by-and-by to make up printed cotton frocks, and other pieces of dress, for the rustic population around her. At first the father knew not of this industrial effort, and the younger sister murmured a little, because thereby an undue share of the burden of domestic work and of the dairy business was thrown upon her. But when at the end of one hard week of work, promptly paid for on the Saturday evening, three half-crown pieces were exhibited as the reward of the effort, the murmurers were stilled, and the sympathy and aid of the junior enlisted in the work.

Now the names of these sisters were Aileen, the elder; and Annabel, the younger. You need not be surprised at these names, somewhat out of the common sort, for in the rough man their father there was not a little of a rude love of the beautiful, the untutored faculty of delighting in pleasant things. Therefore he had named his children pleasantly; and these were pleasant girls. At sixteen Aileen was a thoughtful little woman, careful about many things; a hard-working little woman too, who, knowing the beauty and merit of cleanliness and regularity, and the duties she owed to those around her, was wont to arise with the summer's sun, so that the family washing might betimes lie bleaching on the daisied green, or the butter-churning be completed, the family bread be baked, and other things be so ordered, that, when the men went out to the forenoon yoking, the day was at her own disposal. The after meals of the day, you know, being simple, their preparation could be attended to while she sewed in the kitchen. In all these duties the younger, Annabel, soon took a part and a pleasure, so that many mornings there were on which they could take to their seams even at six o'clock.

It is reasonable that I tell you a little of the personal appearance of these young people. Aileen was small of stature, less considerably than the average size of woman, but lithe and graceful of figure; her face was oval, the mouth and chin well formed, and if the nose had been Grecian, she would altogether have been of classical beauty. As it was, she was a pretty little girl, ardent of temperament and keen of

feeling, as you might see from the soft blue eyes and whole expression of her. Annabel, even at the immature age of fourteen, was larger than she, stronger of frame and constitution, dark-haired and black-eyed, with the promise of much handsomeness as her womanhood developed. Such were the young girls who had charge of the little homestead of the Aird, who kept things orderly and clean for their father and brothers, were in all things pleasant and dutiful to father and brothers, and were, moreover, fired with the noble desire to help themselves with their needle, seeing that they were shut out from the ordinary modes of industry.

When the father came to know it, he was very indignant that "dochter's o' his wad tak' on dressmaikin'. They haed enuch adae aboot the toun. He wadna bide the steerin' e'en o' sic a notion. Mantie-maikin', forsooth! They maun drop it." He had fault to find with the housekeeping in all possible ways that night, in evidence that there were things left undone through the sewing which ought to have attention. It was quite in his way, you know, to scout such an effort as this, to shut his eyes against its scope and motive. Annabel said, "Faither, the hoos is quite the same as ever it was. Whaur's the stour or ony dust? Tell us onything that's no in its plaice, or that's neglected oot o' raison, but dinna be misca'in a' things this gait." Then he called her a saucy gipsy, and sat down to smoke off his grumblings. Annabel was a saucy lass, I dare say, and perhaps in consequence, was his favourite.

But next day when he was afield Annabel came running to him. Three men were in the house, "sherra-officers," wanting him and money. Greatly downcast, he followed the maiden back to his domicile, for he had no money. Macfee, the officer, was collecting taxes: he wanted £1 10s. He was very civil to Mr. Stewart, but also firm. "Ye see, Coonslar, thae taxes are lang in arrear, an' the collector haes paid them himsel', an' ma orders are positieve tae distrain if ye dinna pay."

Counsellar Stewart was both angry and at his wits'end. "I oucht to hae seen aboot it, Mr. Macfee, afore noo; but lat be till am i' the toun on Friday, an', o' ma word, I'll pay ye."

"That winna saitisfee ma instructions," said the officer.

And Stewart was feeling all the perplexity and confusion and disgrace of im-

pecuniosity, when his daughter Aileen silently put the money into his hands.

"Sae ye'll nae wait till Friday, ye winna?" said the farmer, recovering his equanimity. "Ye'll no! Weel, here's yer siller. Gie me ma receipt, an' aff wi' ye. The king may com' i' the cadger's road, Mr. Macfee!"

I think that settled the question of Aileen's industry. Her father never alluded to it there-after, and she pursued it openly.

And with experience her skill and taste and power of imitating dresses she saw increased greatly. So also did her reputation; and in the winter of the year that she was eighteen, she opened a sewing-class, to which came many young women from the adjacent braes, who not only paid her a fee of five shillings for the quarter's tuition but by their work brought her no small gain. Thus, with much thrift and care and work, including much stitching, the girls climbed through their teens towards womanhood.

Yet life was not with them all care and stitchings. In Aileen there was much of that pervid nature which, under favouring circumstances, will vent itself in poetic effusion. With her it broke out in the singing, no doubt in wild-note style, of our country's songs, and in the love of flowers, and all pretty things in life and nature. The handsome, ample Annabel did not care to sing, liked lovable things, of course, but was slow to emotion. Aileen could be gay and grave by turns, as often and as incomprehensibly as spring day may be diversified. Annabel was ever equable. Such was the difference of their natures.

In the long bright nights of summer, in July, when the flood of work that set in on the payment of wages at Whitsunday had subsided, it was Aileen's delight to resort to the margin of the larch plantation, which stood a couple of hundred yards from their home, where, along the decayed turf mound that fenced "the planting" in its young days, grew the dwarf birch, the wild-briar rose, and the odorous alder, with many a wild flower and bell interspersed, and here and there a tuft of blooming heather. There in the fragrant shade the sisters would sit and work, and Aileen would sing her songs, rivalling in her thrilling strains the wood-notes wild which filled the air around them. And often, as with the feathered songsters around her, the burden of her song was love. Not that love had found out her heart so as to inspire her song, but that full warm nature of hers was pre-

scient of love that seemed only lacking to make her song seraphic.

So by the plantation she sits and sings. What wonder that this sewing siren shall attract a wanderer's steps to her leafy settlement! What wonder that William Marshall, son of the neighbouring farmer, at home for his holiday from a writer's office at the country town, shall risk the destruction of his trousers on the rough outer wall of "the planting," and all the thorns and brambles that intervene, so that he may there join the sewing sisters? He is a lad of twenty, gawky, and given to blushes, as becomes his years, with a turn for song, too, and addicted to the flute — a pleasant lad, certainly, liking lovable things, but sensible and modest withal. He will scramble over the fences and through the briars and the bushes, and sit with the sisters, and sing in the shade. Right and proper, O good boy, thus to follow things that are lovely and of good report!

Let there be no misapprehension. He never spoke of love, perhaps never thought of it. He came there to bear the pleasant girls a pleasant companionship, to exchange songs with Aileen, sometimes to mingle his voice with hers in the same song, to please both of them with his soft-breathing flute. That was all. What if he wandered sometimes through the wood or adown the bank, when tired of singing, to gather a posy for each of the young ladies — posy of wild flowers and fragrant briar? There was nought in that but the spontaneity of his excellent nature. There was always one for each of them. And although he did sometimes, in presenting them, sing staves of that old song, "A posy for my ain dear May," the sisters were equally conjoined in the compliment implied, and neither posy was "tied round in the silken band of love." Indeed, the ordinary ligature was a good black thread, or it might be white, drawn from the recipients' reels. It was all very pleasant, no doubt, and the pleasure, you can understand, was mutual. But holidays will have their term and ending, and soon William Marshall said his farewell, and returned to his writing-desk.

They missed him very much when he was gone. Annabel, the strong-minded, said it was satisfactory to have a lad beside one sometimes who was not a brother. She thought herself livelier and stronger for it. Aileen said he was so amiable, and sung so well, and had so pleasant a manner, that she missed him greatly. Indeed, for many nights after he went away,

she took no pleasure in her evening covert, no pleasure in her wonted songs. But the evenings grow quickly short in August, you know, and she was liable to moods, changing on slight cause, I dare say. Perhaps the youth had shown more marked attention to her than to Annabel. She was not only the elder sister, but the singing sister, either of which things would account for it. Now that he is gone, pleasant recollections of him and of these evenings will remain with the girls. But the daily routine of household duties, and the steady practice of stitching, may be expected soon to fill up the void which his departure caused. At least, that will be the natural course of things.

And, by-and-by, Aileen does sing again, but only the songs which the warbling clerk lad had taught her. She seems like never more to cease singing "Afton water," which was his master-performance. I suppose Annabel, quiet as she is, begs a respite from it, promising to distinctly remember that "Mary is asleep," protesting no wish to disturb her. Annabel is, also at a long interval, annoyed to find the crown of her winter bonnet discoloured by contact with a mass of vegetable matter and earthy stuff, which, on investigation, turns out to be a posy of wild forget-me-nots, gathered roots and all in the fields by that young man, and recklessly deposited by the elder sister in the bonnet which she mistook for her own. Thus, you see, the gap, caused as indicated, was quite a sensible thing, needing not a little to overlay or fill it up.

In September, "the ground officer" (bailiff) came to warn Mr. Stewart that the tenant of the shootings was to enclose that plantation anew, to the end that a few pheasants might be kept in it. The farmer regarded it as an act of arbitrary dealing on the part of his landlord. He had always considered its distant fence as the boundary of his farm. Its possession, however, was of little value to him. In fact, its only value was, that in the winter snows the hoggets, which ate off his turnips and had the outrun of his holding, would shelter there from the north wind. In his family, however, he spoke of it, with loud voice, as an odious grievance put upon him. Aileen had pleasant memories of the wood, which, whatever it might be to the hoggets, had been gracious to her when the bee sucked the honey-laden July flowers, and the choir of the woods rung its strongest with their melody. So she also thought it was a shame to deprive them of it. Thereupon the hasty and san-

guine father resolved he would see his lawyer about it, would ride thirty miles to town the very next day for the purpose of having advice about his rights. Be assured that when Counsellor Stewart rode so far on this errand, his own mind was made up that he had "an excellent case." In his household, no voice was raised to stay him. Indeed, his children never dared to advise him in such matters. His opinion of his own sagacity would not have brooked it.

A man bent on litigation readily finds a lawyer to humour his inclination, and Counsellor Stewart was very soon involved in an action of interdict, in which he stood petitioner seeking to prevent all and sundry from enclosing that clump of wood. The question turned on this point: Was it or was it not part of the land of which he had the beneficial use as tenant? Unfortunately, his lease specified no boundaries. He got the farm as possessed by his predecessors, and they were scattered abroad. Thus, what was the limit of the farm became matter of probation, depending not only on his own actual possession, but on the testimony of the herds and servants of the farm for twenty, even thirty, years before, when the larches were first planted. So this insignificant subject became matter of serious contest and considerable expense. Meantime the sheriff refused the interdict, pending evidence of the farmer's rights to possess it, and the sportsman fenced the wood. But the Counsellor never flinched, never doubted of success, and over and over again promised the girls new frocks when he won the plea. Goodness knows, he was so little in the way of contributing to their dressing, that such a hazard was quite a fitting one on which to stake his doing so now.

William Marshall came into the district to get up the evidence on the part of his employer, the opposite law-agent. He had the aid, of course, of the estate officials. He came to call for Mr. Stewart and his daughters, and Stewart having introduced the subject, Marshall told him downright that he was wrong, that the evidence amounted to this, that until of late years, when the plantation had become an old one, and its fences had decayed, the tenants had been wholly excluded. But Counsellor Stewart would not listen; Marshall was but a young lawyer, and had heard but one side of the case. By-and-by the Counsellor would open his eyes.

So the weary proof was begun in the county-court of the sheriff, and a host of witnesses were conveyed to the scene of

the conflict, each enlisted on one side or the other, prepared to swear stoutly to facts seen through the coloured medium of his sympathies. The quality of the evidence must have been about equally low on both sides, which rendered it necessary to attend to the quantity, as what was likely to turn the scale of justice. Of course, it needed no small sum to defray the cost of this host of witnesses. So the crop had early to be thrashed out and sent to market, and a pair of the horses sold; and, what was worse than all this outlay and hazard, was the deteriorating effect on the Counsellor himself. Ever since this law plea was begun, he had been once, often twice, a week at Inderwick, and for continuous days he had scoured the country in search of witnesses. Often he came home in liquor, sometimes cross, always loud-voiced and excited. Thus the miserable wood-clump brought great vexation to the hearts of the daughters, who could but little understand the various stages and phases of the litigation although they listened patiently to their sire's detail of them, could not sympathize with their recital, could only pray that the lawsuit were well at an end.

But at Candlemas there came another push for money, to make up the half-year's rent then payable. Aileen gave up her whole saving of the previous years, well-nigh £20, and the fear of an hypothecation of the farm stocking was removed. Unfortunately, in his elation, consequent on having the money in his hands, carried away too by the excitement of the struggle, he became more unwise, he would not pay the rent. He had claims of damages against his landlord, and, these unsatisfied, he would not part with his money. He consigned it in a bank. By this time his opponents had begun to warm to the work, which at first they had treated with the quiet indifference of their position, and forthwith, the rent being unpaid, proceedings were ordered for securing it by process of sequestration. The sheriff's officer appeared, and inventoried and set aside every movable thing upon the farm to abide the landlord's claim for rent, for satisfying which warrant was asked to sell the goods. But the Counsellor resisted, so that he now had two actions in hand; and he fought them bravely, persistently, from sheriff-substitute to sheriff-depute, and—for both were against him—to the Court of Session. There, as things were ordered at that time, two years elapsed before a decision, so that Mr. Stewart had ample time to reflect on the headlong

course he had pursued. To do him justice, he never faltered in his faith in his cause. The sheriffs, he declared, were swayed by the rank and wealth of his opponents. "Mind, I dinna say that they ken it; but rank an' walth will aye hae waicht on the minds o' sma' folk, lik' sherras. Bide till we get afore the Lords! They'll mak' sma' banes o' a Yerl!"

And to abide the law's delay was all that remained for him, save at times a feeling of satisfaction that the great legal machine, with its lords and who not were to be moved and troubled on his behalf, must form opinions and utter speeches about this case of his. And while he waited, his daughters worked and sewed away, increasing in the esteem of the neighbourhood, and in repute in their calling. With good heart for work, with no small pleasure in it, they persisted, although a cloud of care and uncertainty and fear hung over them in that depending suit. Marshall they sometimes saw. He had caught the notice of the factor while engaged in the litigation, and had been retained as accountant in his office at Kirktown of Glenaldie, where he was now residing. Apparently he had ceased to play the flute. As for singing or laughter or compliment now, it was out of the question, for care had fixed upon the ladies, perhaps had also settled on him, for in his new sphere of business he was a man doing a man's work among men. Indeed, when any reference was made to that cause of anxiety by the Misses Stewart, his views only tended to increase their apprehension of evil to come.

Still to Aileen it was a secret pleasure to meet him, for hers was the fervid, feeling nature that will cherish a sentiment, even when fate has lopped off every branch of circumstances that clothed it with the semblance of reality, has dried it up and left it a withered and dead thing. When now she sees him in mid-winter, he comes to her clothed and bright with the light of summer evenings, with breezes warm and song-burdened, and gay with flowers. So vivid is her imagination, her sentimentality, that what he once was that he shall ever be with her.

Indeed, needlework was not the most suitable occupation for a young woman constituted like her. It gave her times and opportunities for pressing hard into her sensitive soul the tiny things of life, which in the open air and with muscular effort would have been wiped off and strained away wholly. She would picture every expression, intensify every shade and

colour of meaning, and every look of those around her. So she not seldom was unreasonably gay, more often vainly depressed, at all times open to exaggerated feeling and nervous sentiment, never needing much of physical or mental cause to effect incessant change in her. One thing was certain and fixed—she was true to her ideas.

Such was the young woman who had initiated that industry of stitchings, who never ceased to stitch away while there was work to do; who had fired her larger and stronger sister with desire to share and advance the work; who taught that class of tall sewing girls, that assembled by eleven o'clock of the forenoon, in her father's ben-room, and stitched away till night fell on all of them: while those who resided not far off, returned to sew through the long winter evening. The rates at which they sewed were certainly not prohibitory—a shilling for a full-breasted shirt, fifteenpence for a cotton frock or gown, eighteenpence for a worsted one. For sixpence Aileen's deft fingers would trim up your straw-bonnet with such riband and "gum-flowers" as you chose to bring her, doing it with wondrous taste and nicety. But you ought to know that the mystery of her millinery was not exposed to the vulgar "up-take" of the class. It was strictly secret, transacted in the privacy of her bed-chamber, a work of wonder and admiration to the countryside. It was strange how much money a year's sewing would sum up to, notwithstanding the humble tariff which ruled it.

At Christmas, when these artistes were twenty and eighteen respectively, William Marshall came from his office at the Kirktown to spend the merry time with his parents. He came to see his friends, of course, at the little farm, and was gay and happy. And the sisters, withdrawing while he talked with their father, held serious consultation as to the possibility of entertaining him to tea, on some night during his stay. Their great difficulty was this—they had no wheaten bread, no biscuit; and they knew what was proper and becoming and genteel, and sorrowfully Aileen said to Annabel, in her soft Doric voice, "It wad delight us, nae doob, dear, cud we hae mainaged it ony way, but we daurna think o' it wi'oot tea-bread an' jam. That we haena, an' we maunna disgrace oursel's afore him."

"It's great grief we didna forejudge his comin'," Annabel said. "It's a' nanesense, Aileen! He kens we haena the toun shops tae rin till. He doesna expec' but countra

fare i' countra places. He'll be content wi' what's gaein."

But the elder sister was inexorable.

When they returned to their father and Marshall, "See here, cummers," said the former, "Wullie Marshall wants ye an' the ouns ower tae his father's the nicht, tae bring in the Christmas. I hae tae step doun tae the post lest there come ony letters, but I'll win tae ye betimes. Sae be buskit wi' haist. I'se warran' he'll hae Jock, the piper, waiting tae haet ye."

"Please come, Miss Stewart. It is bright moonlight, eight o'clock will not be too early for you?" and he told her the names of two or three other young people who were to be there.

What made Aileen shrink from accepting hospitality such as a minute ago she was so eager to extend? Probably it was that sensibility of hers, which because she found herself balked in her own intended exhibition of kindness, would not have the pleasure in another form. She would excuse herself. She was not accustomed to pleasure. "It wad mak' a' her Christmas sad."

"We will gae wi' plaisure," said Annabel distinctly. "Aileen disna ken her ain mind. I'll undertake for her, William."

"I'll come for ye baith. Ye'll nae disappoint me, Aileen. Our little play would be pleasureless without you," said Marshall gallantly and coaxingly, even tenderly he said it.

Aileen flushed crimson. She did not answer, but at least Annabel knew that she consented.

Mr. Marshall's father's home and homestead were very similar to those of Counselor Stewart's. In early days the young people were intimately acquainted with each other's firesides, although there was no doubt of the fact that the boy William was at least three times at the Aird farm for once the young Stewarts were induced to visit him. "Now they're man and woman grown," and as they grew the real distinctions of life had grown up to make for each of them his and her own separate existence, in which the sweet spontaneity and interfusion of young life cease to be. William Marshall was a man and an accountant. The girls were the women you know of. But together, and with the two lads, Mr. Stewart's sons, and a half-a-dozen other young people, they supped on Christmas-eve under the presidency of the parents Marshall; and while they pledged the merry glass of whisky punch, hot and weak, and pass quiet jokes amid ready laughter, Aileen becomes the gay Aileen

that she is sometimes, for she is by William Marshall's side, and he is solicitous to please her. "Come, let us sing, Aileen," he says aloud; "let us do 'The Flowers of the Forest' since mair." And they sing it together, each feeling fully the pathos which the other evolves. Life after all is pleasant, when seams and the sewing of them, and all the dark clouds of life are rolled back from the halcyon present, even though the pathetic song tells that when you taste life's pleasure, you shall certainly find its decay. What matter? Come to the barn, where the shrill pipe is screaming its rhythmic groans and shrieks, that shall urge you to the wild reel.

The barn was decorated with branches of larch, boughs of evergreen, and holly with its berries red, and William Marshall proclaimed that here and there among the foliage hung sprigs of the sacred mistletoe. Each youth was free to kiss the lady whom he found underneath it. "Mother," said he, "just look at it. And the old lady being thus beguiled beside him and beneath the mystic leaves, he set them all a laughing by saluting her then and there. "The rule is absolute," said her son. But on with the dance, why does it linger? for Aileen is to dance with this gallant so gay and winning. And in the rapid and hilarious reel, she loses herself in the movement and in his entwining arms, so that at its close, she is thoughtlessly with him under the mistletoe, and he imprints on her pretty pouting lips a kiss which thrills and burns to her heart and brain, half in astonished confusion, half in delight self-acknowledged. Then he led her to his mother and whispered to her as she sat down, "I have Annabel yet to catch. You know I love you both."

And Annabel was nothing loath to be caught, nothing loath to be kissed of him, I think, although she had resisted and repulsed James Graham, who first had danced with her. "Kissing goes by favour," you know, and very properly it should. But while, thereafter, the young man stood between the sisters, asking which would volunteer a second bus to him, the barn door opened, and in staggered their father, haggard of visage and wild with excitement. "Bairns! neebors!" he cried, "I'm a ruined an' a bankrupt' man! I hae lost ma pleas at Embro! Curse on them wha drave me tilt!" Instantly his daughters and his sons ran to him, but Aileen did not reach his side. She fell senseless on the floor.

Marshall raised her tenderly. "Counselor, you should bear this reverse quietly,

and like an old limb of the law," he said. "You should not so rashly have cast it into our little merry-making. You have hurt poor Aileen, I am afraid."

Then the rough man cursed himself and his reckless folly. He would have taken his daughter in his rough arms and lamented over her, but Marshall held her and kept him aside while they brought water with which he bathed her face. Slowly she revived and turned her soft blue eyes upon him whose arms sustained her with a smile ineffably sweet, so full of languid tenderness, that the young man, seeing it, feared she was really ill. He asked if she felt pain. None. "Then fetch her shawl and traps, and we'll go to the house." So the silvery stream of life "grew drumlie and dark," even while it rolled under this tiny sunbeam of pleasure. And it rolled on into more broken, vexed shallows, for the father was driven into bankruptcy, and out of his farm, and came among us.

Thus it was that he came to our village, bankrupt in fortune, somewhat dilapidated in his personal appearance, but much regarded of the poorer sort, who counted not his reckless litigation for a sin, while greatly they esteemed the courage that had led him into the fray and its disaster. Not even the disaster diminished the reputation of Counsellor Stewart. One and all the common people believed that "the strongest purse aye cairries the day" even in the highest tribunals, the wrongous belief being simply the outgrowth of the too apparent disparity of the opponents — parasite of the generous tendency to side with the weaker. Still was the disaster really a grave one. It broke up the little household, left them penniless, without a blanket, without a stool. Forthwith, before the day when the whole plenishing and effects of the little farm were sold off, the two sons took assisted passages, and went out emigrants to Australia, preferring very properly a hopeful expatriation to the cheerless prospect of farm labour, which alone lay before them here. The Counsellor, still upholding his large appearance before the world, still speaking out his loud tones, was fain to become tenant of the centre flat of a house in the village square, consisting of two rooms and two bed closets, the whole accommodation of his future home, save and excepting the right to build his peat stack in the back yard. The remaining parts of the house were occupied by no less than four families.

William Marshall did not turn his back

to them in this sad reverse. As accountant in the estate office, he was selected for the office of trustee in the bankruptcy, so that, officially, he was bound repeatedly to visit the farm before they removed from it, but he ever came as a gentle friend, not as the stern representative of the creditors. He it was who gave the lads five pounds a piece to provide an outfit, taking their obligations to repay it by-and-by. He it was who engaged for the father and daughters their new home, which, humble as it was, was fully equal to their immediate prospects of an income. He also it was who, having received the consent of the other officials in the bankruptcy, let Aileen have with her such necessary articles of furniture as she chose to select at the official valuation, taking her obligation for payment at a year's date. He was kind and considerate as a brother might be, and withal he did it so gently, saying nought of it, that I am sure even Annabel, the hard to move, was touched by it all. Aileen, with her ready and mobile heart, gushed out towards him with a sense of obligation and a feeling of love, such as scarcely recognized any boundary but that genuine, feminine modesty which bent both heart and eyes in his presence.

It was a great and unpleasant change this that had come to them, to be transplanted from the free country breezes, country milk and produce, country scenes and associations, to that over-peopled house in the village square. Most of all they felt the change through the class of people who lived above and below them, seeing their own poverty more distinctly in the hard, narrow lives thus forced upon their knowledge. So for the first few days Aileen did little but cry, lying on the bed in the west closet, feeling much misery, in an indefinite way, much ailing of both body and mind. How were they to be fed, that was one pressing case, when the boll of meal and sack of potatoes, which Annabel and she had found in the kitchen-room, were exhausted? She did not know. She scarcely cared. This only she knew, that she could gladly die of want of food, rather than be fed by the hand of William Marshall. That was what she thought of principally in this question of food, and I daresay it came of her excessive, delicate sense of obligation, which, it is as well to own it, I fear was wholly love.

In these first days of their new home, William Marshall was in the country. So also was their father. Both, indeed, were at the roup of the farm things, and busy

with many things which at term times press upon men connected with land. Annabel said she longed for Marshall's coming. They would all get back some of the old home feeling when once they had the sight of a face they knew. Aileen said she did not wish him to come. Why should he come? He was a great man in the village, and they were the daughters of a poor bankrupt. It would be right that he should stay away. She could not fashion her thought, so pure she was, to any notion that impropriety might lurk in his coming. She felt only that they were poor and he prospering, that as she could not bridge the gap between them, she would not have him come to them. Then she cried. But she cried so much in all those sad days, you know, that Annabel passed it with the wish that she were not "sae saft," setting it down mostly to a constitutional proneness to tears.

But the fifth day of their stay was Friday, an ordinary market-day, when many country folks with little errands came to the village, and not a few came to see the "Miss Stewarts," as they were called. Not a few, also, there were who brought them frocks and clothing of all sorts to be made up, so much that that one day heaped on them as much as a month could sew. Until that day neither sister had crossed the house door. Now Aileen had to go out to "the shop" to select materials for customers, to detail the quantities of linings, and tapes, and small wares needed for the equipment of the dresses; and the merchant was so excessively pleasant and courteous to her, so eager to meet all her wishes, that she recovered much of her ordinary spirits, at least got rid for the time of that terrible despondency that had beset her, and took heart for work in her new field and sphere. You know all the time it was simply the trade habit of the shopkeeper. He was a wise man, who had so tutored and trained himself in a long life, that his habitual civility to all who gave him their money could scarcely make distinctions between the poor and the rich. He bowed and scraped, and said "Yes, ma'am," to all. Poor Aileen thought he was personal, and it did her great good.

So when at night William Marshall did come in, knowing nothing of those days of weeping and sighs by-past, he found no small brightness, some energy, considerable effort in cutting and shaping of cloth for the sewing about to begin. He urged them to walk out every day, so that there might be less fear of evil results from

their change of living, told them of the pleasant walks around, the crag at the bridge, the wood of wild hazel at Bught, and all the places about where Nature had cast her wild beauty abroad; and he promised to take them some afternoon to the top of romantic Benaldie. He did not stay long, but his visit, as Annabel predicted, revived them not a little. Next time he came he would have tea with them. Meantime he would tell in the shops and public places that they were open to receive scholars.

On Saturday their father found his way to the new home. His heavy weight, as he went up the stairs, made the wooden staircase creak again, groaning underneath him. He found everything about the place distasteful, as no doubt the limited accommodation really was to his great mind. He was wretched and unhappy because compelled to stay indoors all the long Sunday morning. He would not go to church. Discontented and sulky, he alternated from the fireside to the closet bed, where he lay awake but without words, then back in restlessness to the fireside again. It was good that to-morrow he could go forth; to be thus cabined, cribbed, confined, would kill him.

But, by-and-by, their lives fell into more easy ways and ran more smoothly. There was much to sew, and a few young people of the village as scholars. Aileen's tastefulness in millinery soon won recognition too; and the merchant sent quite a number of bonnets to be trimmed, and had every week some shillings to pay her. Life thus had pleasure and hope once again. The father too began to meditate some course of dealing to bring some reward of money, and, after his nature, became hopeful in each projected vision, doomed only to be discarded and superseded by other visions as hopeful. He was not much at home during the day. His daughters, being up betimes in turns, scoured down the wooden landing-place and staircase, fetched in the day's supply of water and of peats, and did the other necessary housework—doing it so early of the morning that not a neighbour knew how it was done nor by whom. His breakfast was early ready, to be eaten as soon as he left his bed, the porridge and milk, the butter, and oat-cakes, and eggs, and hot tea, all as abundantly as when the farm with bountiful store supplied all such things. They were paid, of course, out of the daughters' earnings. They ate their oat-cakes dry, drank much weak tea in their busy days and nights; molasses, not

milk, in the savouring of their porridge. The father went forth immediately after breakfast, and contrived somehow to pass his days away from the little home, but he ever returned sharp at nine o'clock, to rest and talk awhile at the kitchen fire before he went to bed. At last he found his way to a remunerative profession. He had ever been much resorted to as the unpaid referee and valuator, in country matters, transfers of stock, claims of melioration, and the like. He took out an auctioneer's and appraiser's licence, and made a moderate charge for his services. One of his old friends readily helped him by a bill to the ten pounds, the heavy duty on his new calling. Still his ways were as I have told; and it appeared as if he saw little need to help with coin the girls who stitched so hard, for of whatever he might be earning he gave them none. But many months had passed before he thus began to earn money, and another Whitsunday was drawing near, with its changes and its public sales. Perhaps his total earnings

were but little in excess of the heavy licence duty.

And in those long months of that first year of village life, what of that love or loving disposition of Marshall towards Aileen, or of Aileen towards Marshall? Did it make no progress? None that I could see—that the world could see. He called on the girls every Saturday evening with strictest regularity, and got a cup of tea. If they were busy he got his tea in the family room, apart from the scholars in the ben-room, and he sat awhile with them, until perhaps some call for Aileen to supervise the work of the pupils made it apparent that he was in the way of progress. But over and over again on autumn afternoons he had a Saturday ramble with them. In her secret heart Aileen recognized the fact that this man, so constant, so kindly, so admirable in all a man's best qualities, gave her no more, or little more, than that considerate love that a brother might give her; that and no more.

From The Athenæum.

NEW OLD POEM BY FRANCIS QUARLES.

I WAS at Keswick, in the centre of the Lake District, on a market-day, and, surrounded by meat, fruit, bacon, butter, and other stalls, I saw one precisely like that formerly kept by the father of Dr. Johnson, in places in the neighbourhood of Lichfield, only a little more elaborate, for from forty to fifty shelves were set up in the open air, filled with volumes of all ages and sizes. I had not much time to spare, but, casting my eyes over some of the most shabby and rough-looking lots of small books, I came upon one which I had never heard of before, and which, although by a poet of remarkable celebrity in his day, has never been noticed by any bibliographer. I allude to Francis Quarles, to whom no fewer than twenty-six different productions have been assigned, no one of them being the tract upon which I laid my hand in Keswick. I shall therefore give a short account of it, premising that, as it relates to one of the most distinguished men of the reigns of Elizabeth, James the First and Charles the First, it is the more singular that it should have escaped notice. The following is its exact title-page:—
“An Elegie upon the truly lamented Death of the Right Honourable Sir Julius Cæsar, Knt. Master of the Rolles and Snt. Katherins; and One of his Majesties most Honorable Privy Counsell.— Wept by Fra : Qua. *Micat inter*

omnes, &c.—London, Printed for John Marriot. 1636.” 8vo. It has a double dedication, to Lady Cæsar, the widow of Sir Julius, and to their three sons, Charles, John and Robert: in the first, signed Fra : Quarles, he says, with his usual pious quaintness, “We are all prisoners for a debt we owe to Nature, committed to the gaole of this transitory world. Some pay sooner, some later; all must pay. As yesterday, our blessed Saviour paid it; to-day your dear husband paid it—an example sweetly followed; he followed him in his life; he followed him in his death; and so close in both, that as in life he was assuredly his by Grace, so in death he was most certainly his in Glory.” In the dedication to his sons, we have the commonplace *Leves loquuntur, ingentes stupent*, but Quarles contrives to squeeze out seven pages of “tears in verse.” I only extract a few characteristic lines:—

’Tis he whose righteous balance did while ere
Deale justice so, as if Astrea were
Return’d from Heaven, or Saturn’s conquering hand
Had nw regain’d his long usurp’d command
From his deposed son. His heart was stone
To pleading vice, and waxe to every grone;
His wisdom, bounty, love and zeale did rise
Like those foure springs that watred Paradise,
And with their fruitful tides did overflow
This glorious Island, on whose banks do grow
Faure grafts of honor, fragrant flowers of peace,
Full crops of plenty, laden with increase.

J. Payne Collier.

From "The War and General Culture." By the Author of "Friends in Council." Contemporary Review.

QUARRELLING.

THE man, not being a hermit in the Thebais, or a saint on a pillar, who says he will never quarrel, is a very foolish person. There are even such things as judicious quarrels—quarrels of deliberate choice, not the children of anger or of necessity. That wisest of Lord Chamberlains, my Lord Polonius, does not bid Laertes never quarrel, but merely says:—

"Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel."

And, indeed, it is a thing to be very wary of, and mainly on account of the bystander. That third person who, in general, and with so much reason, prides himself upon his disengaged wisdom as a looker-on, is apt to be woefully wrong in his judgment of a quarrel. Moreover, it is nearly certain that he will condemn both parties; and so it is clear that you will do yourself some damage in his repute of you by any entrance into any quarrel. For what bystander is industrious enough to consider, with all the labour that a just judgment requires, the causes and motives of the quarrel?

Oftimes he is totally deceived, and places the balance of wrongfulness upon that party or person who is least to blame. This occurs when there have been a series of insults, slights, or disparagements, patiently borne by the one side, which side, in the quarrel that the bystander happens to witness, seems to have broken out into an unreasonable passion upon a very trivial cause. It is as when one sees a river, that has long gone underground, break out suddenly, and the beholder says, "here is a rush of waters from some mysterious origin," little knowing for how long a course the quiet river has flowed underground, augmenting its volume from many hidden springs. Sometimes it seems almost a fatality, that the most injured person should break out into quarrelsomeness upon a most, apparently, inadequate occasion. It reminds one of the old story of the last feather that breaks the camel's back. For these reasons a quarrel is greatly to be eschewed, in as much as it is nearly certain to lower your repute with the bystander.

Still there are quarrels which should resolutely be entered into, on deliberate purpose. Strange to say, and lamentable to say, domestic quarrels are of this kind. To use a common phrase, they "clear the

atmosphere;" and, moreover, it is to be remembered, that almost any state of things is better than quiet dislike, or growing disgust. It is but too true that lovers may be made more ardent, friends more friendly, associates more willing to listen to our just claims, by an occasional quarrel. But then, as everybody knows, these quarrels must be very rare.

One of the most important things to be borne in mind while considering this subject, is, that most quarrels are quarrels that depend upon words. These form the main substratum of all contentiousness. You may do a man a substantial injury, and be easily forgiven. But utter only one injurious word, and there is a fine opening for a quarrel. Also in the conduct of the quarrel, there is nothing so much to beware of as the use of injurious words. Some people transact a quarrel so neatly that they invariably appear to be in the right. Exaggeration is always punished, and never more speedily than when employed in the transaction of a quarrel. If possible, when in presence of your adversary, understate your case against him; and, as regards the nicety of your expressions, talk as you would have talked, if both of you were wearing swords.

There is one thing respecting quarrels, which is almost too obvious to need mentioning; and yet it is worth while mentioning it, if the doing so would impress its utility upon any one human being. Quarrelling, as a rule, partakes of anger; anger, as certainly partakes of unwisdom. If, therefore, to use the common expression, you are resolved to "have it out" with somebody who has offended you, the first thing to be resolved upon is to allow a little time to elapse, if only a few hours, before you begin to attack the offender. There is probably no greater surprise of the every-day kind occurring to men, than the surprise which they must feel, if they observe their own minds carefully, at the difference in their sentiments with regard to any trouble or offence, according to the time at which they take up the consideration of it. At first, as we all know, the offence occupies the whole extent of the mental vision. In a very short time it begins to recede into its proper place, and is one thing out of many which are within the presence of the mind, instead of being the one thing. That hackneyed illustration, which must be very suitable to mankind because it is so hackneyed, namely, the Sibyl's Books, is applicable here also, though in a very different sense from that in which it is usually applied.

Postponement, in this case, is sure to reduce the weight and number of the books of glowing words in which the original offence is written. In the days of our forefathers, when blood-letting was one of the curative methods most in vogue upon any disturbance of the nervous system, it would, doubtless, often have been a very judicious thing to be bled after receiving any great offence. In our age — which is, I suppose, medically speaking, wiser — to postpone taking any notice of the offence is the only means left for subduing the unreasonable affections of the mind, now that blood-letting is entirely discarded.

In treating of this subject, much account is to be taken of the differences of men's temperaments; and there are few of their attributes in which they differ more largely and more profoundly. There is the man of hardened temperament, who can go to sleep in ten minutes after a severe quarrel; and there is the sensitive man, who frets for days and nights after he has had a quarrel, even with some indifferent person, and though he holds himself to have been entirely in the right, and has no touch of remorse in the matter. Such a man should avoid even, what I should call, business-like and sensible quarrels, for they create an atmosphere which he cannot imbibe with comfort or safety; whereas the hard man will make good profit out of them.

To show how different are the temperaments and the natures of men, as bearing on the subject of quarrelling, an instance may be taken from the conduct of two brothers, which was related by the third brother. "My elder brother," he said, "is admirable in conducting a quarrel, or a difficult matter tending to a quarrel, if he is permitted to conduct it in writing only. Moderation seems to flow from his pen in exquisitely judicious sentences. If, however, we trust him with an interview, it is all over with our cause, and we are involved in a hopeless turmoil of offensive disputation. With my younger brother, the case is exactly opposite. The gentlest, the justest, and most persuasive of men (also with the requisite amount of firmness), when dealing with his fellow-men in an interview, he is a veritable Turk, if you trust him alone with pen, ink, and paper, and he does not see about him the human face divine."

Now the foregoing is a most significant fact. There are people who should never dispute upon paper; and there are others who should never dispute *vis à voce*. There have been eminent statesmen who have been totally ignorant of their own qualifi-

cations in this matter; who have written when they should have spoken, and spoken when they should have written.

The common saying, that it takes two to make a quarrel, and the much deeper saying of the Spaniard, that the man who makes the rejoinder — who says the third thing — is the man upon whose shoulder the quarrel rests, are both of them true sayings. I venture to carry the thought still further, and to maintain, that, in most cases, if you can make it up with yourself, you can almost immediately make it up with your opponent. That is, in the accidental quarrels, which are, of course, by far the most numerous. What happens, is, that you say or do something which you secretly regret; but your regret turns to anger, and you go on enlarging your saying or your doing almost from spite against yourself. Make friends with yourself, and you will soon find that you can make friends with your opponent.

Then there are the quarrels that arise from affection, are nurtured by affection, and are among the most difficult to bring to a happy issue. Coleridge, in his "Christabel," has admirably described this kind of quarrel.

"Alas! they had been friends in youth;
But whispering tongues can poison truth;
And constancy lives in realms above;
And life is thorny; and youth is vain:
And to be wroth with one we love,
Doth work like madness in the brain."

The last cause, however, that he names, is, in most cases, the prevailing one. Its strength lies in this: — that you think the person you love has no right to offend you. You could bear everything from an enemy, but not from him. Cæsar covered his face with his mantle when he found Brutus among the conspirators. If we were sincere with ourselves, we should own that we think the claims of Love and Friendship ought to be stronger than the claims of Justice or of Truth.

There should be a certain perfection aimed at in the conduct of a quarrel, if it is to lead, as it ought to lead always, to a reconciliation. There should be no root left from which another quarrel, similar in nature to the original one, could possibly grow up. I need hardly remark, that, if this maxim applies with some force to the disputes of individuals, it applies with a great deal more force to the disputes and quarrels of nations — and for the following reason. An individual is but a short-lived and transitory creature. A patched-up quarrel may sufficiently serve his or

her purpose, even when it is evident that, both parties surviving, the quarrel must break out anew. But the case is very different with nations, for they are long-lived creatures, and a root of discord left (although what is visible above ground of the evil thing is swept off) is nearly certain to produce a renewal of the dispute, and probably of war, to the arbitrament of which national disputes are ultimately referred.

All the best maxims for the conduct of warfare and negotiation, apply to the management of a domestic quarrel. As in warfare, build a bridge for the enemy to escape over, as it makes him retreat much sooner; and always remember that your *if* is a great peace-maker. Give your opponent the full benefit of that potent little word. Then, as in negotiation, do not half-state your case, or the quarrel will have to be gone over again. Timidity of statement is as much to be avoided as exaggeration. When I said above, "understate your case," I meant your case as against your opponent. Do not understate your own claim; but understate his neglect of it. Rather assume that he has not been as wicked as he has been in ignoring your affection, your merits, or your dignity. (Good Heavens, how men will quarrel about their dignity!)

If there is any time in a man's life when what generosity of nature he may have is especially serviceable to him, it is in the midst of a quarrel. Say but one generous or kind thing, and it is wonderful how soon it will be responded to. This is to be expected; for the warmth evoked by a quarrel will rush very rapidly towards any offer of conciliation. It is from this circumstance that quarrels are occasionally most useful, as developing a warmth, which burns up long-continued petty causes of dislike or disfavour. Coldness is the result of most poisons, and the cause of most deaths, in the world of affection as in that of physical life.

In preventing, conducting, or getting out of a quarrel, most useful aid is to be found in the exercise of imagination. It is an effort of imagination only that can enable you to appreciate fully the claims and motives, and especially the passions and prejudices, of the other side. For this reason never quarrel with a stupid man or woman, if you can possibly avoid it, as such a person will never for a moment be able to realize your conception of the matter in dispute, and will, therefore, never make due allowance for you. If you are obliged to quarrel with a stupid person, endeavour to

contrive that he should be represented, or at least accompanied, by a clever person, who may aid him in understanding your view of the quarrel. So largely is imagination useful in the prevention, or in the wise conduct, of a dispute, that it would hardly be too much to assert, that a man of the highest order of imagination would find the greatest difficulty in quarrelling at all. One feels that Shakespeare could hardly have quarrelled with anybody, because he would have had such a keen dramatic sense of the feelings of the other side, that from pity and good-nature he would have been sure to have yielded the point at once.

Again, if you wish to avoid quarrelling, be pleased to entertain the profoundest belief of the extreme inaccuracy of men, women, and children, as regards the repetition of what they hear. Hearsay is the fruitful parent of many of the most malignant quarrels that infest mankind.

When negotiation leads to quarrelling, it mostly happens in this way:—A demand is made by one side; it is held to be utterly unreasonable by the other; and a counter-demand for retraction is sent back. The retraction is not made in full. On the contrary, though the original demand is somewhat modified, it is substantially made again. The counter-demand, applying to the modified, as well as to the original proposition, is renewed. By this time both parties have become rather warm. There are a few more negotiations, ending at last in a hearty quarrel.

Or, to take another instance, a demand is made on one side; is not utterly refused; is even, indeed, accepted by the other side, but with certain modifications, which, when submitted to the party originally making the demand, are deemed to be important. This party does not appreciate the comparatively friendly reception of his original demand; thinks by pressure to get more; and renews the original demand. The other side, finding no recognition of his friendliness, becomes haughty and stiff, and returns an answer less favourable, at least in expression, than his first one. And so there goes on a constant interchange of unacceptable propositions. In short, in this case, as in the preceding one, the giving way on either side is not done handsomely. Thus, upon the balances of difference, sometimes amounting only to very small quantities, the negotiation takes the form of a quarrel. And so mighty nations, as well as little boys in the street, rush into fighting. It is worth while to see how it happens amongst these boys in the street.

"Put your foot there if you dare," says one boy to another. The other boy does not put his foot *there*, but to *near there*; and after another challenge or two of the same nature, neither frankly received nor frankly declined, the negotiation turns into active combat. The same thing occurs in domestic life; and, when you hear of people leading a cat and dog life (very unjust, this metaphor to dogs and cats, who, when they live together, mostly come to amiable conclusions!) it is that neither side maintains its own resolutely, or gives way handsomely. Of course, the ultimate reason of this state of things is pride, or the desire to appear consistent in the eyes of the bystander. The greatest quarrels that have arisen on the face of the earth, have been arrived at by one or other of the methods above described.

I have now endeavoured to show you how, in my opinion, you should avoid a quarrel; how you should enter into it; how you should hold your ground in it; by what means you should conduct it; and, especially, how you should get out of it. Any knowledge concerning the last clause of the foregoing sentence is worth all the rest.

[Mr. Milverton had to leave the room before I had finished reading the Essay, as a neighbour had called to see him upon some parish business. After I had finished my reading, the Essay was discussed, and was generally approved, even Sir John Ellesmere saying that it certainly kept close to the subject. Then Mr. Cranmer spoke.]

Cranmer. I was thinking, all the time, where does he get his facts and instances from? He is the least quarrelsome of mortal men. When I was in office, I had some very tough things to settle with him, and had to oppose him vehemently, but he never quarrelled with me.

Ellesmere. He is too much in the clouds, for a great part of his life, to have much spare time or attention to devote to quarrelling with us poor creatures, who wisely abide upon the solid earth. He can be very passionate, as we have seen lately, but not quarrelsome. And then he would think it so very undignified—just like Sir Arthur, who is far too great a "swell" to quarrel with anybody, if he can possibly avoid it.

Lady Ellesmere. I do not see why John should seek a second-rate motive, to account for an unquarrelsome disposition. I suppose he thinks that all men are naturally as contentious as he is.

Sir Arthur. Cranmer has raised a great question which has often perplexed me. Consider the great writers of fiction. What an affluence of characters there is in their writings. I mean such writers as Shakespeare, Scott, Molière, Dickens, Thackeray, George Eliot, and the rest of them. Where do they find these characters? Is it Experience? is it Imagination? If it is the conjunction of the two, what are the limits of each?

Ellesmere. Perplex yourself no more, Sir Arthur; I can explain it all thoroughly. My recent scientific studies —

[Enter MILVERTON.]

Milverton. Is Ellesmere beginning to take upon himself the airs of a scientific man?

Ellesmere. I am merely explaining to them where the great writers, such as Shakespeare, Scott, and Dickens, and where the small writers, such as Milverton, take their characters and examples from. The study of the Infinitesimal explains everything. What they do take, is a germ-cell; and when you have read as much as I have read about these interesting little atomic structures, you will know what they can be made to do, if properly developed. But, without joking, I will explain to you what I think happens to these men, and I will take a particular case. Scott, sitting in court as "the sherra," witnesses the manifestation of some oddity, or some peculiarity, some trait of greatness or of smallness, in man or woman (and, out of court, I would add "in dog"). This is the germ-cell for him. Coming into his mind, it has fallen into the proper *nidus* for development. Once he has seen or heard a Saddletree take the greatest interest in a cause not pertaining to him; and the whole of the Saddletree character is almost at that moment an accomplished fact in his mind. So with some trait of his faithful Purdie, such as when that trusty henchman vehemently contended that certain trees should not be cut down, whereas Sir Walter as vehemently declared that they should, and at the end of their walk together Purdie says, "I think I'll tak' your advice, Sir Walter;" there was a germ-cell of Andrew Fairservice in "Rob Roy," and of Richard Monipplies, of Castle Collop, in the "Fortunes of Nigel." The pertinacity, and the abounding self-conceit of these two well-drawn characters, were all contained in some such germ-cell. I hold with Locke, a favourite writer of Milverton's, who learns from him to dive down even into the abstruse nature of tortoises, *Nihil esse in intellectu*,

quod non prius erat in sensu, that, in fact, there is no knowledge but that which has its origin in experience.

Milverton. I beg leave to differ entirely.

Sir Arthur. And so do I.

Ellesmere. What a foolish fellow I am to get involved in metaphysical subtleties, when I might have kept to science, and abided by incontrovertible experiences. However, you now know what I mean, and I ask, is my theory a good one, or is it not?

Sir Arthur. I think it is a good one.

Milverton. The poor author is impatient to hear what his critical friends will say about the essay.

Ellesmere. We were all very laudatory; we all agreed that it might have been better, but that it was not so bad.

Milverton. Such hearty praise entirely rewards me for the pains I took in writing it.

But I want now to illustrate some of the statements I made in the essay, by referring to an account of a quarrel, which I believe to be the best account of any quarrel that has ever been given in literature—I need hardly say that it is the quarrel of Brutus and Cassius, in Shakespeare's "Julius Cæsar." Here is the volume of Shakespeare, which I took care to have by me. First observe how soon the quarrel deviates from things into words, and also how these words are misrepresented by both of the persons quarrelling. Judge then how many quarrels must arise from hearsay and its misrepresentations. Cassius says:—

"I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions."

Upon this saying of Cassius the quarrel instantly grows much warmer. It is shortly afterwards that Brutus says:—

"Away, slight man!"

You will find, if you read this scene aloud, that from the time when Cassius has said—

"I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice,"

to the time when Brutus misquotes him, the intervening words would not take much more than a minute to read.

Brutus.—You say, you are a better soldier:
Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well: For mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble men."

Then Cassius corrects this misrepresentation; but you must especially observe that he misrepresents what he had previously said, and is not at all confident as to what he did say.

Cassius.—I said, an elder soldier, not a better: Did I say, better?"

Now what he *did* say, was "older in practice, abler than yourself to make conditions"—as being the more worldly-wise of the two, as Cassius would naturally think.

Then observe another point. This quarrel would never have been got over, without an interview. Writing letters would only have made matters worse. I can't prove that from any particular passage; but I feel that I am right in making the statement.

Lastly, come to the main point. How is it that the quarrel comes to an end? Only by Cassius ceasing to contend, and not indulging in denunciations, but in lamentations that are almost abject.

"There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast;

I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart:
Strike, as thou didst at Cæsar; for I know,
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lov'dst him better
Than ever thou lov'dst Cassius."

Brutus is immediately mollified. All the warmth that had been aroused by anger, deviates into tenderness, and the reconciliation of the two friends is one of the most touching things ever written, even by Shakespeare. I remember, when I was a child of six years old, that it was one of my first reading lessons, and I hated reading it, exceedingly, for I always felt inclined to cry over it.

Ellesmere. Of course, we have seen how, in this essay, you have made some allusions to the terrible war we are at present witnessing,—as, for instance, when you speak of the necessity of extracting every root of the cause of quarrel, applying your remark especially to the quarrels of Nations. I wish now to make an observation, to which I think you are bound to give some answer. You admit that, as regards private and domestic quarrels, there should be some preparation for them. Should there not also be some preparation for national quarrels, especially when they are perceived to be inevitable, or, at any rate, highly probable?

Sir Arthur. He is right, Milverton. I

do not wish to say anything rude; but I think you yourself will admit that, in the present state of Europe, it is verging on the Utopian to imagine that you can persuade any two or three of the principal nations to agree to a reduction of armaments. I do not say that the time may not come, when your pacific theories may possibly enter into practice; but surely the present is not that time.

Milverton. I am sure you will admit, that you have not often met a human being who has a more thorough detestation of war than I have, or a greater dislike to needless preparation for it. I object to the maxim, *Si vis pacem, para bellum*. I do not say, "If you want peace, prepare for war;" but I am obliged to confess that there are occasions when a nation must say to itself, "You can hardly expect to avoid war; and if you wish to prevail in war, you must prepare for it." A nation may see that it has entered into such treaties and guarantees; also that its colonial possessions may be of such an extended character; that, with every disposition for maintaining peace, it cannot reasonably expect to be let alone. Then, having an almost moral certainty that it will not escape conflict, or at least to give a menace, which will be futile unless the means of carrying out that menace are close at hand, it ought to prepare, and must prepare, for war. The great defect of modern statesmanship has been the not looking far enough forward. Statesmen have often been as well contented as members of the Stock Exchange, to arrange their transactions for the next month, and to look no further.

Sir Arthur. I liked what you said, *Milverton*, about the quarrels of affection. I suppose you had in your mind not only private quarrels of that sort, but the quarrels of nations as well. If the Americans loved us less, if they did not, indeed, value our regard more than that of all the world besides; they would not be so huffy with us. And, on the other hand, if we did not care far more for them than for all other nations, we should not be so vexed at their huffiness, and be prone to be huffy in return.

Milverton. For my own part, I can never view an American otherwise than as a fellow-countryman, once removed. I see very little essential difference between him and one of ourselves. I fancy, but perhaps this is a fancy, that he speaks a little nasally. He tells me, but perhaps this is a fancy on his part, that I do the same. But his thoughts are as my thoughts, ex-

cept, perhaps, in one thing,—that he dotes upon extension of territory, and that I certainly do not. I should feel it to be a sort of murder to kill an American, even in battle. I should, perhaps, be killing a man who is the exact counterpart of myself. I believe, as you know, intensely in race. There are, doubtless, *Milvertons* in America; and this very man whom I might kill, might be, as I perhaps am, an exact resemblance in nature, form, and character, to some common ancestor. You know our friend R—. In his dining-room, just behind where the master of the house sits, there is the portrait of an ancestor who lived in the times of Charles I. I declare, if our friend were called out of the room unobservedly, and it were not for the difference of dress, the man in the picture might descend and take his place at the dinner-table, and no one of the guests would find out the difference. And so it might be with me, and some American cousin of mine—both of us being exactly similar chips of the same old block. And then, (for these desperately unlucky things occur in real life as well as in novels), I am to kill this counterpart of myself. I decline to do so, or to run the chance of doing so, if I can possibly avoid it.

Ellesmere. I must tell you a droll idea that has come into my mind. The two *Milvertons* would be the two most indolent men in their respective armies. They would affect to be very courageous, for indolent men are always afraid of their indolence being mistaken for want of courage. They would, accordingly, be well to the front. They would, however, be lying down, having made a kind of sofa of baggage and knapsacks. Then they would take what are vulgarly called "pot shots" at one another. But this pleasing occupation would be occasionally interrupted by their making notes for future essays, or for "Thoughts on the Present Campaign," or for a great work on "The Folly of Soldiering." Both of them being bad shots, very little harm would be done either way, but they would furnish great amusement to the armies. And, as nothing promotes good fellowship so much as laughter on a common subject, they might be the means of making a lasting peace. Observe, that *Milverton*, much as he detests war, does not decline to go to battle with any other people than his dear American cousins.

Milverton. Never mind his nonsense. The greatest, and the most dangerous error, that at this moment besets the European family of nations, is that Englishmen, Scotchmen, and Irishmen do not love fight-

ing. Being rather a sombre race (at any rate the English and the Scotch), nothing would delight us more than fighting. For war, whatever may be its evils, chases away dulness. And, as for the Irish, they love fighting for the fun of it. They are always anxious to find the "jontlemen who will have the kindness to tread on the tail of their registered paletôts." And no people in the world fight better.

But we are all restrained by the fear of doing something very wrong, in going to war. To speak the honest truth, and in words not common in these mealy-mouthed days, our rulers, and all those who could throw in their influence for war, are dreadfully afraid of being damned for doing so. They have come to the belief, that God does not approve of war; and therefore they will not be driven into it except by stern necessity. But, granted the existence of that necessity, and that the burden of a tender conscience be removed from the British mind on its entrance into any war, the great mass of the British people are as merry as crickets. I have watched this feeling in my fellow-countrymen; and, to say the truth, in my own self.

Ellesmere. You are quite right, Milverton; even Cranmer on such occasions, has no objection to a loan — a transaction which absolutely horrifies him in other times. It all comes from our likeness to Fairy. I do really think that no Englishman thoroughly understands his fellow-countrymen, unless he has kept a bull-dog. Without any joking, bull-dogs are wonderfully like us. They are the least interfering of animals. Observe Fairy. She follows at our heels, wrapped in a surly kind of enjoyment; never going up to other people, never yapping at the heels of horses. In fact she is a silent, steady, industrious kind of dog, who would get a prize for minding her own business. But once make that business war, and see with what animation, with what determination, and with what joy, this solid creature goes into action. Then, contrast the conduct of our greyhound, Rose, who has something to say to every cur she meets, and not always a friendly saying; who makes her way into every shop; pokes her nose into people's hands, to see if there is anything for her; and will absolutely startle and horrify two young lovers, by rushing in between them, and almost saying to them, "What folly are you going to commit?" Whereas, Fairy passes them by contemptuously, only hoping that they may some day quarrel, and that she may be obliged to take a side.

Cranmer. If Ellesmere once gets upon the subject of dogs, it is very difficult to stop him.

[The conversation was here interrupted by the arrival of the second editions of the morning papers. There had been a battle, and the letters of the correspondents teemed with descriptions of the horrors of the battle-field after the engagement. We could talk of nothing else. Mr. Milverton then gave us a description of the photographs of some battle-fields in America, which had been sent to his friend Dickens, and which they had looked over together. I now resume an account of the conversation as it proceeded.]

Milverton. I need hardly tell you that we were horror-stricken as we looked over these things.

We thought that, much as photography has done for the world, the best thing it had ever accomplished was these photographs, as they are such potent dissuaders from war. We thought so then. If my dear friend were alive now, he would probably agree with me that the world seems to have entered into such a career of madness that nothing can stop its folly.

Sir Arthur. I should like to have been with you. Dickens would have been sure to make such shrewd remarks.

Milverton. He did. He pointed out how the dead men all lay upon their backs, and he noticed a peculiar swelling of the body that was visible in all of them. But what I am always thinking of in these times, is not the dead, but those who are left wounded — fatally wounded — on the battle-field; and not even so much of their physical agonies, as of what may be their thoughts as they lie untended for hours, perhaps for days, slowly stiffening into death.

Cranmer. Mayhap they think but little.

Milverton. With many it may only be pain — masterful pain; the pain of a wounded animal — that absorbs the whole mind of the dying man; but if any one of them thinks away for a moment from his pain, what must be his thoughts? It is not likely that he has read his Shakespeare; but surely the thought, if not the expression, of the dying Mercutio comes to his lips — "A plague o' both your Houses!" and he roughly curses in his inmost soul both King and Kaiser. No longer buoyed up by hatred (there never, perhaps, was much of that feeling in him), and no longer even supported by excitement, the whole madness of the thing he has been concerned in, is revealed to him.

Indignation consumes his soul, an indignation more profound than that of the dying gladiator, who thought of his "young barbarians at play;" an indignation more profound, I say, because he, the dying soldier, has had, or seems to have had, some particle of free-will in the matter. He has, at least, shouted forth vain-glorious boastings, and has joined in all that tavern exultation which forms such a ludicrous and horrible prelude to serious warfare. But all this seems to him now to belong to a former state of existence, and to have been transacted in another world. For now, wisdom, ever-halting, mostly too late, has come upon him hand-in-hand with death!

Perhaps there is a sound of music in the camp of his own comrades, which his feeble voice cannot reach. They are merry there, and he hears the song which he, too, had often joined in singing at the tavern and on the march; but its strains are not so inspiring as they were then, and are but a mockery of his sufferings.

Is he a lover? He thinks of *her*. It is not always of their sorrowful parting that he thinks; for that strangely errant and ungovernable thing, memory, carries him back, perhaps, to some fond hour, hitherto forgotten — as when, one summer day, she threw wild flowers in his face while they were walking by the river-side, and was shy, and would not come as near to him as he wished; but never looked more beautiful. There is a strange complacency in his mind at the thought that he will be so much mourned over by her. If this bleeding would but stop, he would scribble something to her, at least write her name. But it is so cold, and he must sleep for a few minutes. He will write her name when he awakes. But he never does awake.

Is he a son, too young, perhaps, to have been smitten very deeply with love for a maiden? His dying thoughts are wholly with his mother. No one scene, either of dread parting or of playful affection, brings her image before him, for from his mother it has been continuous love; and it is the fond recollection of his whole life-time, shared with her, that is present to his

mind at once. Her grief, which he knows will not cease until her life ceases, is no consolation to him.

Is he a husband and a father? His are the bitterest feelings. There is no consolation here — at least, no earthly consolation. What a world this is, in which he leaves those dear ones, is but too clearly manifest to him from the way in which he has been made to depart from it. It would be a temptation worthy of the Arch-Tempter himself, standing by that dying soldier, to try what portion of his soul's welfare he would imperil, so that he might be permitted to behold his wife and children once again, if only in this dying hour. He listens for aid to come: to him life is still inexpressibly dear. He hears the galloping of horse; but his trained hearing knows that this is only the quick pursuit of friends or foes, and not the approach of any aid for *him*. The cold wind makes its strident noise amidst the reeds; he watches them bend before it; and it is, perhaps, the last thing that he sees or thinks about.

Some, the least fatally wounded, have spare thought for a fellow-sufferer lying near, and crawl to aid him; but the most part are lost in an overpowering pity and sorrow for themselves. And, besides, they are so thirsty.

There is in all minds, whether they are sons, husbands, or lovers, a pervading sense of horrible ill-usage — ill-usage, by whom they scarcely know or care; but had they energy, they would be inclined to curse the universal nature of things.

And oh, my God! how I wish that some of those who are the prime causers of all this agony, could themselves suffer some of the agony they cause. But no: they are away in snug rooms, telegraphing accounts of victory, or summoning for slaughter new levies to their aid. Their time has not yet come.

Maulererer. And thus great nations are welded together, and historians write grandly about this welding, and the grass is very green in certain spots of the earth's surface, and everything is quite satisfactory in this "best of all possible worlds."

By the street of "by-and-by" one arrives at the house of Never.

This term is equally applicable to all ranks — Whoever is ignorant is vulgar.

Patience, and shuffle the cards.

Between the yes and no of a woman I would not undertake to thrust the point of a pin.

Other men's pains are easily borne.

When a thing is once begun it is almost half finished.

Don Quixote.

From All the Year Round.
BORROWING TROUBLE.

THAT habit of mind which we express by the phrase, "meeting trouble half-way," the Americans describe as "borrowing trouble;" and their formula has over ours at least the advantage of greater brevity. Borrowing trouble it shall be then for the moment; the thing itself, not the name by which we call it, being that at which we wish to have our fling.

Some people — and those unfortunately not a few — live in the perpetual employment of borrowing trouble. They lay a life-long mortgage on their happiness, and occupy their time in paying a fancy interest, and a heavy one, for their uncomfortable loan. Anything serves them as an occasion for making themselves miserable; and their indulgence in gloomy anticipations of the worst that can befall becomes at last a trick of the mind, which they cannot overcome if they would. For the mind gets its "tricks" like the body, and they are just as difficult to overcome. No illness, according to them, can end otherwise than fatally; no money pinch can be got over save by a bankruptcy, with exceptional disgrace; no trivial misunderstanding can be healed before it becomes an irreconcilable breach; and they have sorrowful convictions as to the present unsatisfactory state of your soul, and its ultimate destination is uncomfortably sure unless you make a complete change in your opinions, your actions, and your beliefs. Their heaven has no sun, or one they see only through smoked glass; their songs are mournful threnodies; their dramas sad and dreary tragedies; their very affections are so many poisoned roots of sorrow; and their troubles are multiplied by just so many as they have friends and acquaintances in whose welfare they are interested. If kindly natured and not saturnine, their whole energy goes into pity, till their compassion becomes a vice, and their sympathy an additional burden on the heavy weight already borne by those they love. For though they mean to help in bearing the packet of miseries of those who are heavily laden, they only make it denser and harder to carry by the weight of their own gloom. If they are mothers, they see nothing of the joy, the elasticity, the unanticipatory thoughtlessness which neither "looks before nor after," the happy inconsequence of childhood; they take to heart only its troubles shaped out of the hard tasks of school, the tyranny of the elders — whether as big boys who make little ones fag for them, or as big girls who take away the

little girls' toys, or as nurses and teachers who tyrannize over and oppress both big and little impartially; the troubles that have to come from inevitable ailments, and from the gradual initiation into the sorrowful realities of life. They pity children and young people so much — they say mournfully: Poor little things; life is so hard on them! And the shrill cadence of childish laughter, coming in with the sunshine and the song of birds and the scent of summer flowers, does not lighten their gloomy picture, nor destroy their melancholy theory.

Nothing can do that, for even the absolute present reality of joy is to them only an hallucination, a delusion which must before long fade away into thin air; and blackened ashes, where had once been the glow and warmth of fire — or a fire that only seemed and was not true — are the utmost they can allow as possible to mankind. If a girl is married to the man of her choice, they sigh over the disillusionment that must come, prophesying evil things for the close of the day that has dawned so brightly. Others have married with just as high hopes and fond hearts, they say, and look where they are now! And they instance A., and B., and C., who have made notorious shipwreck of their matrimonial happiness, and speculate on the probabilities of the like unskilful pilotage in the present case. They are generally sure of diseased blood on one side or the other; for the number of people of their acquaintance who have hereditary madness, or a decided consumptive tendency, gout by inheritance, and paralysis stealing round the corner, is marvellous in proportion to the few whom they allow to be thoroughly "clean." If they cannot designate unwholesome members of the family by name, and let you into the secret of their doctor's fees and their chemist's bills, they fall foul of the bride's notorious silliness, of the bridegroom's well-known temper; of her absurd ignorance of life and housekeeping, of his monstrous extravagance or revolting meanness; and they are sure that, somehow, by the failure of health, happiness, or prosperity, there is no good in store for them.

But nothing of this is said maliciously. Quite the contrary. They are honestly grieved at the dark days to come in the future, and would if they could avert the evil omen. But what can they do? Casandras who cry aloud and prophesy, they have only the gift of prevision, not of prevention; they can but sympathize, they cannot hinder. They are the skeletons at

every feast where they are invited; and write up with their awful fingers the *Memento Mori*, which is their version of *Salve*, on the threshold of every chamber they inhabit; yet they are not content with their perpetual reminder of death, which is bad enough in itself, but they add to it the still more desolate rider, "Forget not to suffer beforehand."

There is no hope growing in the path where these people take their melancholy walks, and if there are possible dangers in the far future, however remote, however only possible, only contingent, we may be sure they will expect to meet them now on the very instant, face to face, though they are just as unlikely to be found as a wild beast at liberty in London. There is the possible trouble; there is the wild beast in its cage; but that the sorrow should be stalking in gloomy majesty along the highway now at this present time is no more likely than that the lions and the tigers of the Zoological Gardens should be found meandering among the Sunday loungers up the broad-walk. If an epidemic comes into their neighbourhood, they and theirs die of it daily. A finger-ache heralds the advent of rheumatic fever, a slight huskiness is the first symptom of diphtheria; if a child is flushed with play it has the scarlet fever without the smallest doubt, and the idea of escaping the prevailing scourge, or of pulling through, if caught, never enters their heads. If anything merely mental could kill, it would be their wretched forebodings of death and disaster; and if "germs" fructified by attraction, the houses of the borrowers of trouble would never be swept clean of disease. They are good customers, however, to the chemists and the vendors of quack medicines and preventives; for, cowards in all else, they are brave in their adoption of new remedies—their special character of mind for the most part inclining them to a belief in specifics with mysterious properties undemonstrable by science. In ruder ages they would have been "held" by witchcraft, and "released" by magic. Now they are fain to content themselves with nostrums which work wonders by properties unappreciable by analyst or physicist; and when you say to them, "They cannot; there is no such property contained in a bushful of your medicines," they only answer "They do," and instance to you cases wherein, to their knowledge, miracles have been wrought. What can you say to such reasoners? If Tenterden steeple is the cause of Goodwin Sands, the relation between architecture

and geology is, to say the least of it, obscure. And if it is really any comfort to the poor borrowers of trouble, carrying their load in the desert of their own making, to build their Zoar on the shaky foundations of quackery, it would be uncharitable to prevent them, seeing that you have nothing else to offer which they would accept in its stead.

The world is full to them of snares and pitfalls; and, as parents, they borrow trouble in their daughters' good looks, their sons' gallant bearing, and the evident admiration both excite in the minds of their young companions. Their daughters especially are the subjects of their dread; and there is not a young man within a mile of them who is not a lender of the trouble they so eagerly borrow, from their conviction that he is a wolf, whose sole design it is to devour at a sitting the poor lamb bleating its innocent response to his crafty address. All balls and evening parties, all picnics and croquet meetings, are the lending offices whence they carry off large sums of borrowed trouble, which they dole out in separate portions to their belongings. Their sons will be sure to flirt with the wrong girls, their daughters will be as sure to bleat to the wolves and not to the sheep-dogs; they will have a fever from over dancing, and a chill from eating ices; they will spoil their new dresses and make them unfit for Mrs. A.'s "small and early" next week; they will be ill from to-night's excitement, and tomorrow are coming to dinner two eligible, if slightly grizzled, sheep-dogs, whom they wish devoutly their lambs would affect. Whatever trouble is afloat they borrow largely, as they sit on the side benches, like so many descendants of the Giant Despair, holding out both hands, not for gold, but for misery.

When their sons are men enough to leave home, the same habit of mind which has done its best to cripple their boyhood follows them—happily for all concerned no longer able to influence the life of those for whom their fear has done its loving worst. As boys, the poor borrowers of trouble found an inexhaustible fund of pain in the vigour, the energy, the daring, the very education of youth. Not a gun was ever handled which was not sure to shoot the owner instead of the birds at which it was levelled; not a horse was mounted which did not carry in the saddle a fractured limb or a broken neck; every boat was a witch's bowl with a hole in her; and all athletic sports were but disguised devices for smashed shins, broken blood-

vessels, and future heart disease. Study was the direct road to madness; the navy meant shipwreck and death by drowning at the first stiff breeze; the army was a certain consignment of so much precious flesh and blood to the path of a bullet; the medical profession was the surest way to get typhus fever at the first opportunity; the law was perhaps physically safe, but the law leaves no hands clean and no code of morals straight. The Church alone was an absolute haven among all this wild war of differing dangers; and in the Church, when once the debt of trouble borrowed on the temptations of college life was redeemed, there was not so much to fear. And if we knew the secret causes by which some lives have been manipulated, we should find that the reason why certain men, with no kind of vocation for their profession, were doomed to cassock and bands and sleepy sermons to simple village folk, instead of to a pair of epaulettes and a dashing charge at the head of their troop, was in the woful fears of the parental borrower of trouble, in the days when the man was but a boy, and his profession was decided before he had come to his own mastership.

If the borrowers of trouble did not insist on sharing and passing on their loan, it would not so much signify. Folks are free to make themselves unhappy in any way that strikes their fancy, but the mischief lies in communicating to others this unhappiness elaborated in their own private crucible — this trouble borrowed of false fears and sorrows that do not as yet exist, and that may not see the light at all. But happiness is impossible with this preventively grieving race. They know joy only by name, as a fleeting, deceitful, and destructive hussy, and they choose care, in his blackest garb, as their rider en croupe. Like Trappists, they dig their own graves while they are still walking about the earth as men, not crawling beneath it as worms; and they keep their most precious jewels in a coffin as a casket. As if the absolute was not bad enough, and the punishment that overtakes the unconscious strays of us poor dazed wayfarers not hard enough to bear, and certain enough to come — as if the sadness inherited of life itself, and which none of us can avoid, was not deep enough, the mystery of sor-

row which none of us can fathom or forego not mournful enough, without adding to it all by our own act, piling the Pelion of unnecessary fears on the Ossa of inevitable pain! But no reasoning will teach these eager borrowers of trouble to wait until the time of trial actually comes, or convince them that there are two ways across the desert, and that the chances of escape or destruction are pretty nearly equal, if only one will believe it — the preponderance, indeed, lying to the side of escape, else what would have become of society and the human family had it not been so? They will not believe in the religion of hope, and the ethics of cheerfulness are as pagan reasonings to them. They are always so convinced of disasters beforehand that, when a catastrophe does really come, one would imagine it must be a relief to them, haunted as they are by vague shapes of dread which beset them like ghosts in the night. At least this is real, this is something tangible, and not a mere dreamy vision; there is no longer that terrible balance between hope and fear, the possible and the actual, which makes the brain sometimes uncertain of itself, and shakes the nerves like the leaves of an aspen-tree set in the current of a passing storm. When the worst has come, there is the repose which follows on certainty; and the sleep which comes after torture is none the less sleep and refreshment, because preceded by agony. So, when the borrowers of trouble are called on to pay their loan, and their vague fear is translated into a living fact, they are spared any further pain of uncertainty. And, as one's imaginary evil is seldom topped by the reality, for a time at least they have respite from their dread, and find their real trouble less terrible than their fancied one — their payment of sorrow of less amount than that trouble they so needlessly borrowed.

But indeed the worst use that man can make of his time is to borrow trouble in any shape. It is quite bad enough to spend it in tears and despair when it comes of its own irrepressible accord: until then, let us keep our hands clear of it, and if we must borrow anything, borrow joy and hope, even if we have to pay back the loan with disappointment and with grieving.

From The Saturday Review.
NOISE.

THE literature of our day is marked by a unanimous revolt against noise. Noise is denounced as an evil thing. Noise is indeed the arch enemy of the overwrought brain, and most influential brains of our day are overwrought. It is one of the effects of culture to subdue social noise and all clamorous expression. Politeness is soon distracted, and whispers a shuddering hush, at sounds which would have passed unheeded by our robust ancestors. People are gradually stopping their ears against all excited utterances. Shakespeare in his day recognized a spirit-stirring quality in the *ear-piercing* fife, and the old poets meant a compliment by the epithet *shrill*; but what pierces the ear offends at once sense and taste now, and shrillness is maddening to our sensitive organization. Even within the century a great change has come over men's endurance of sound. Sympathies have turned into antipathies. Walter Scott enjoyed the frenzied rivalry of contending bagpipes. It acted on him as an inspiration. Little would he have heeded the barrel-organ, the despair and death of modern genius; he would have married it to immortal verse. No one can read his description of the banquet in Branksome Hall without perceiving how willingly he would have taken part in the festivity and raised his voice to the height of the occasion. His verse is out of fashion now; we need not apologize for quoting how, after the priest had pronounced his benison on ptarmigan and venison,

Then rose the riot and the din
Above, beneath, without, within :
For from the lofty balcony
Rung trumpet, shawm, and psaltery;
Their clanging bowls old warriors quaff'd,
Loudly they spoke and loudly laugh'd;
The hooded hawks, high perch'd on beam,
The clamour join'd with whistling scream,
And flapp'd their wings and shook their bells,
In concert with the stag-hounds' yells.

It is this clatter of sound, this mingling of discords once inseparable from the very idea of revelry, which is so dreadful to modern nerves. A certain music was then evolved out of it which spoke to heart and brain; but our refinement recoils from the savage charm. What once quickened fellowship now drives to misanthropy, seeking relief in the silent, solitary vituperation of the pen.

And yet noise is a potent educator, as we cannot but observe where existence

passes without it. And by noise we mean noise proper, not harmonized melodious noise, but clang, clatter, rumble, hurley-burley, and confusion. In the first place, noise quickens the imagination, and drives the hearer into comparisons. It is impossible to describe a sound but by likening it to something else.

And his loud guns speak thick like angry men,

But without going to the infinite variety of grand, familiar, fantastic illustrations by which the poets bring sound home to our intelligence, we know that the ignorant and illiterate are driven to their similes, and hear two things instead of one, when once they would convey an idea of sound. A boy bellows like a bull, a trampling overhead is the house coming down, a crack-voiced orator is a thousand penny-trumpets, a fusillade is like hand-clapping, a gang of turbulent navvies four hundred roaring lions. And for this stimulant to poetry and expression the noise must be of the chaotic, unintelligible type, startling, surprising, hiding its cause in a mystery, suggestive, not explaining itself. It is this that constitutes the excitement of a crowd in full speech, or cry, or tramp. It is a complex thing, its noise has a thousand meanings and interpretations. Hence noise of men's making is more telling on most spirits, and a more effective sharpener of the ordinary intellect, than the sounds—grander but less intricate—of nature's more harmonious gamut, though the one illustrates the other as "the double, double, double beat of the thundering drum," "the thunder of the captains, and the shouting."

In the matter of noise, however, it is easy to have too much of a good thing, and the dwellers in noiseful town and court, the frequenters of crowded, rumbling, grinding thoroughfares, with nerves on the tenterhook, worn spirits, and faulty digestions are so circumstanced. Noise is to them such a positive evil that they believe it a universal one; or, at least, that as the tyranny of privation is milder than that of infiction, they are justified in silencing the joys of ruder men. But there are conditions of life and haunts of men where silence is so prevailing, where the ear is so rarely filled to satiety, that those who note it become alive to a want, to an appetite unsatisfied. The system which is never exposed to an excess of sound misses a stimulus, a certain accord of brain, heart, and lungs necessary to a full sense of life, and without which the soul never arrives at its full capacity,

either for feeling or sympathy. Such existence is sluggish. In many orderly villages where authority holds a tight hand over its dependents noise is disreputable, because there is no provision made for respectable noise in any healthful quantity. There are no games, no recognized gatherings where shouts can pierce and echo and reverberate; no village band, no bells or bellringers, no crashing organ, no choir of the old manly braying sort. Even the jovial cries of harvest home are discountenanced as beery, and the harvest supper is commuted into so much beef and pudding to be eaten quietly and decorously at home. Tumult, even in the shape of fun after a hard day's work, soon catches an illicit ring to ears steeped in silence, and is snubbed as threatening to morals. Within doors the effervescence of eager, high-toned chatter is unknown, for ploughmen never converse, and the silent rustic sinks into his chimney corner debarred by the dog-tax from the once-cherished luxury of a yelping cur; his only chance now of a stunning body of sound reduced to crying children and the perpetual dropping of an angry housewife.

Rustic genius is seldom steady, the craving for sound so essential to its development too often leading it to turbulent scenes. Wherever noise was loudest, there was Bunyan the scapegrace. Hence he entertains his pilgrims with shoutings and trumpets as a foretaste of heaven. "Can heaven be happier than sitting in the public with a jug of ale and the fiddle going?" asked a young collier of his mate Bill—an inquiry which implies conscious expansion of the faculties under the harsh, but stirring, spell of gruff voices and scraping catgut. It may be noted that the best unlettered hymn-writer of our language was a blacksmith, the beat and clang of the anvil doubtless affording an outlet to imprisoned poesy which might never otherwise have found a vent. The idea of religion in the unlearned mass who pass their lives in silent, solitary occupations is so inseparably associated with noise that it is almost hopeless to instil the one without some aid from the other. The preacher must fill their ears if he would get at their feelings and understandings; they must sing, and the singing must rise into hallooing, before emotion can be stirred, or the sense of it find its way to heart and veins.

To the dwellers in rural solitudes we may imagine the charm and intellectual fillip of market-day. The confusion of sound brings a new sense of life and

brotherhood; the crack and crash, the rattle and grinding of wheels, the multitudinous cries, the snatches of talk and laughter, the tread of numbers, and, over all, clocks and chimes and bells, each sound demanding, insinuating, clamouring to be heard, and diverting the thought for the moment to itself, and yet all harmonizing into a busy-bee-like unity of purpose,

Where all is hum and buzz from morn till night.

Our markets have a national influence quite beyond what eye can count or statistics reckon. Artisans have perhaps too much noise; not that we hear them complain of it. We believe that a silent factory, with no rush of steam, no rattle of machinery, no hum of revolving wheels, would be oppressive. Noise is as powerful a sedative as it is a stimulant; no monotonous work is long endurable without it.

But it is an affectation to rest the plea for noise on its use and appreciation by the lower orders. All people, even the most flinching, sensitive, and querulous, like to have their ears filled with sound, if it is the sort that pleases them. Spirits always mean noise. Mirth is outspoken, so are hope and expectation and vitality of every sort. Miss Austen remarks that "everybody has their taste in noises as in other matters, and sounds are quite innoxious or most distressing by their sort rather than their quantity." The good lady who shrank from the domestic hurricane at Uppercross, and resolved never to call there again in the Christmas holidays when the boys were at home and everybody spoke at the pitch of their voices and nobody was heard—a hubbub characterized by the delighted grandmamma as "a little quiet cheerfulness"—made no complaint when she drove into Bath a few days later amid the dash of carriages, the heavy rumble of carts and drags, the bawling of newsmen, muffin-men, milkmen, and the ceaseless clink of pattens. These were noises belonging to her winter pleasures, and her spirits rose under their influence. Owing to their greater vivacity of temperament, most European society is more noisy and carries on conversation at a higher pitch than we do. "Who can keep their good humour at an English visit?" cries the Frenchified lady in the comedy; "they sit as at a funeral, silent, in the midst of many candles"; and though we have found our tongue since then, it may be due to the indispensable music which, acting in the vulgar capacity of mere noise, succeeds in raising our

pitch to that of more excitable nations. We have heard that in the East to talk your loudest is a point of ceremony and good manners. Who can tell but that this, and their clamorous mourning, is the necessary reaction from monotony of scenery and life? Their discordant instruments may have the same meaning.

It is a misfortune to be abnormally sensitive to noise, and often affects the character unfavourably, making it cynical and unsocial. It is one of the points on which men will think themselves standards, and decline to believe that noise-lovers can have anything to say for themselves. To aver, for instance, that you find proud, exulting excitement when "the many rend the skies" round the hustings, or in the tuning of a prodigious orchestra, or the swing and sway of a peal of bells overhead, or even in the full chorus of a meeting of choirs, when each village contingent resolves to make itself heard above the din of voice and organ or die for it, is to incur not only contempt for your taste, but disbelief; it is not the enjoyment you describe, but some malignant triumph over more exquisite organization — a sheer love of torture.

Nature's noises are less repugnant to this form of refinement. Men may like a thunderclap, or the roar of Chisel Beach, or the wind on a hill top, or a torrent tumbling from a height, without shocking anybody's susceptibility; though all noises, if they are but loud enough, have much in common. The most trying of all noises, the near contact of loud, harsh, saw-grinding voices, offends us not only through the ear; it wounds our self-respect and sense of propriety. If the speakers were really cockatoos we could stand them better. In some houses noise is such an offence that children grow up altogether missing a tonic. It is of course indispensable that they should learn to be silent in fit time and place; but some shrinking natures so dread reproof and expostulation that an undue snubbing in this particular stills them for life and induces a morbid temperament. We miss a flash in the eye, a spring in the step, a ring in the laugh, which a little noise indulged in at odd times might have instilled into the system. Children need freedom of voice to gain freedom of thought. These victims of silence grow up creepy. They are of those "*Che non traggono la voce viva a' denti*," and want courage to assert themselves. And it is this consideration, the conviction that noise is one of nature's invigorators, that prompts us to defend it

against its legion of enemies. Making a noise in the world is no figure of speech. Let two men be equally gifted in all respects but voice, and give one a powerful organ and the other a weak one, and the man of physical power will be miles ahead. He, indeed, can always take care of himself. But it is lawful, recognized noise for the million who live remote from the turmoil of cities, which we plead for as one of the important elements of healthful life along with fresh air and pure water.

From The New York Evening Post.
THE SO-CALLED LATIN RACE.

BY FRANCIS LIEBER.

MUCH has been heard within the last fifteen years of the Latin race, and great has been the endeavor to utilize this novel idea on the part of Napoleon III. and his adherents. M. Chevalier's book on Mexico is almost exclusively founded upon the idea that the Latin race — that is, France — ought to be strengthened against the Teutonic race, which has assumed a general sway by its representative power, Great Britain. Closely connected with the erroneous term Latin race was the word Caesarism, first used in a pamphlet ascribed to the present Bonaparte, and published when he was President of the so-called French republic, and desirous of preparing the public mind (if, indeed, we can speak of a public mind in press-bound France), for the Empire; an imitation also of the Latin idea of the fiercest democratic monarchy. And now, when France has challenged the German hosts, it has been loudly uttered again that it is a "war of races;" meaning, of course, of the Germanic and Latin races.

Thus the attempt is made to carry Latinism into international politics, as it has long been applied to religion. The term Latin race had not been used, but it was an error accepted even by many Protestants that Roman Catholicism was better adapted for the more imaginative southern races, than "cold Protestantism." A strange delusion! Was the syllogism of the cold Frenchman, Calvin, more imaginative than the poetic, soulful, fervent German, Martin Luther? Nowhere has the difference between the so-called Latin race and the Germanic race decided between Catholicism and Protestantism. It is the dragon, the torture of the inquisition; it is bloodshed, and not difference of races, which forced so

many people in Europe back into the Roman church or prevented them from publicly leaving it. Italy, France and Spain were as ripe for the Reformation as England and Germany, and the south of Germany quite as much as the northern portion.

Thus Micheli, the Venetian ambassador in France, wrote to the Doge of the republic in 1561, that many bishops and priests, most monasteries and nuneries have been tainted by the new faith, and adds, "With the exception of the very lowest people, the whole nobility and the young men under forty years, almost without exception, have fallen from the old faith." Leopold Ranke has shown this amply in his work, "The Roman Popes, &c., in the sixteenth and seventeenth Century." Not the differences of races, but fire, sword and torture, have stopped the further development of the Reformation—the sinister pomp and power which the Petrine Monarchy had acquired and into which the "Holy Church and Republic of God," as the church was styled at the times of Pepin, had changed.

It is always dangerous, and has often proved in the last degree mischievous, to act on arbitrary maxims, vague conceits or metaphorical expressions—the more mischievous and tragical the higher the sphere of thought or action may be. Let us inquire then, briefly, into the meaning of this often-used term Latin race.

Much has been said of races and their predetermining character, as if the whole history of countries and portions of the earth were flowing in the veins of each individual; just as others believe that the whole character of a people's history is foreshadowed or predestined in the geography of the land and islands occupied by it. The doctrine of races has recently expanded into the discussion of the Arian and Semitic races. For this subject we must refer the reader to Disraeli's "Lothair." Our inquiry lies within narrower limits.

The word race has probably been abused in modern times more than any other. The rebels told us and each other again and again that they were a race totally different from the race of the North; Buckle finds the history of Spain natural, and in accordance with the race inhabiting Spain; yet there is no race, or at least a mixture of some twenty races.

We are all aware that there are certain races in Europe—the Scythic, the Celtic, and the Germanic race, with numerous remnants of important and unimportant

racés. In looking at these races of the present time and at those of the past, certain pregnant reflections force themselves on our minds.

Some great and eminently leading nations—such as the Greek and the English—have been and are a mixture of varied tribes and races. There are, unquestionably, distinct characteristics belonging to different races; but it must never be forgotten that the tendency of all our civilization is to the greater and greater assimilation of these Cis-Caucasian races, and that all the noblest things—religion, truth and science, architecture, sculpture and civil liberty—are not restricted to races. To all these the mandate is given: Go into all the world.

Lastly, races are very often invented from ignorance, or for evil purposes. The pitiful attempt of inventing a separate race on the part of the rebels has been mentioned. The fictitious Latin race is another instance, but of far greater import and far more dangerous.

We know what the Latin language means; we know that the Roman church is frequently called the Latin church; we know that lateen sail means the triangular sail, which is common to this day in the Mediterranean, and which people were obliged to distinguish from the Dutch square sail when this came into use; but what is the meaning of Latin race? It has no ethnographic meaning. There are no Latin people by birth; and, although language does not necessarily decide anything as to races, there is no Latin race were it otherwise, for there is no people now that speaks Latin or a language partly Latin. Neither Italian, nor Spanish, nor French is more than a language mixed with a more or less predominant element of totally changed or corrupt Latin.

Thus it comes to this, that the totality of nations whose different languages have some portion—say from one-fourth to one-fifteenth—of corrupt Latin admixture, are called the Latin race, in order to separate them from the common advance of civilization, and to keep them apart from the noble self-government which first showed itself, rudely but strongly, with the Germanic nations; and to make them look upon the Roman imperialism and the Senate of imperial Rome with complacency, and even admiration, while mankind had learned from Tacitus and Suetonius to shudder at those institutions as degradations of our kind. This period, in which cupidity, gastronomy, licentiousness and cruelty

flourished in the palaces of those who make the labels of history, was held up for admiration.

We must be greatly mistaken if the great mischief-maker who invented the word "Caesarism," and the oily term "personal government" for what used to be called despotism or tyranny, did not also invent the term "Latin race." He utilized it to his heart's content until of late. France was of course represented as the first of the Latin nations. Strange! The German element preponderates, or is very strong, in the most industrious and densely-peopled portion of France, including the Franche Comté, Alsatia, Lorraine, Flanders, Artois, as far as Normandy; and a greater proportion of genius for pen or sword has come from this portion of France than from the other parts of this proud and unfortunate country.

Let the term "Latin race" be for ever banished from church, state, or any other sphere of thought or action as unmeaning, full of mischief, unscientific, and intended to mislead.

From The Economist.

GENERAL SCHENCK'S MISSION.

WE explained recently our reasons for thinking it a dangerous and mischievous mistake to speak of America as the permanent enemy of England, — against whom, sooner or later, we should be compelled to fight. We wish now to urge the many reasons which exist for taking the very first feasible opportunity for putting those relations between England and America, which have been so long disturbed and unsatisfactory, on a new and thoroughly cordial footing, and to show that, from all we can gather of General Schenck's instructions, and the tone of feeling in America with regard to them, that opportunity may be close at hand.

In the first place, then, if we can by any legitimate concession restore a cordial understanding between England and America, there is no sort of end to be gained in our foreign policy so important and beneficial, — and this too, whatever view may be taken of the right foreign policy for England on the continent of Europe. Whether you may think that England's true position is that of a neutral State, standing aloof from the internal disputes of Europe, and careful only to provide for her own independence and peace; or whether, on the contrary, you hold that

England ought to give her support to the cause of self-government and freedom, wherever it is endangered on the Continent, — in either case alike it cannot be denied that England gains immeasurably by being relieved from a chronic danger and menace in America. Indeed, the most earnest partisan of what is called a "spirited foreign policy" will admit that war with America, though it might possibly become a dreadful necessity, can never lead to any increase of the influence of England in Europe, and might lead to its extinction. And as for the neutralists, those who think that England can neither be fairly called upon to wield any great influence in Europe, nor is able to wield it if she would, it is surely evident enough that their case extends with infinitely greater force to the other side of the Atlantic, where we were in fact unable to hold our ground at a time when England was a great military power, and the revolted colonies opposed to us were in their infancy, and where, therefore, it is very far from likely that we could fight with any substantial advantage now that the United States are one of the greatest of military powers, and somewhat exceed in population the United Kingdom and British America put together. Whoever, therefore, wishes to see England quiet, and neutral, and devoted to her great commercial pursuits, will be even more anxious to deprecate a struggle with America than in Europe. And whoever holds that we should take our share in the conflicts of Europe, must, *à fortiori*, deprecate the fatal results of any embroilment with America, which could not fail of using up all our strength and absolutely paralyzing us for serious action in Europe. But, besides the mere considerations of policy, surely nothing can be more miserable to contemplate than a quarrel between the United States and England on any of those questions which can alone cause a quarrel. For there is no conceivable issue on which we could quarrel in which England's power would be exerted for any end of lasting and first-rate value. If we quarrel about a few cod, or the construction of a Fisheries' Act, or about our liability for the damages of the Alabama, or about a boundary, or any other of the small unsettled questions which are always under discussion between us and America, no conceivable good could result from the victory of either party, for whichever way any of these questions are settled, they would not be worth the sacrifice of a single life to settle them one way rather than

the other, were there not an absolute necessity that every great nation should refuse to yield to mere dictation and fight rather than lose her own self-respect by doing under threats what there is no case to justify. No doubt it is possible for any country to fight, and rightly fight, about what is nominally a mere trifle, simply in order to resist gratuitous aggression. But then the only possible gain is the defeat of the aggression, and not the material value of the encroachment resisted. And the war, even if it ends by the success of the juster cause, adds no new triumph of freedom or civilization—nothing but the history of a successfully resisted menace—to the history of the world. Indeed, it is more than probable that if ever we did get into a struggle with America, both parties would be so firmly convinced that they were fighting for the defeat of an aggression on the side of the other, that the defeated party would suffer ever after from the sense of an undeserved calamity, till the time came to revenge it. No war in which we can engage with the United States is ever likely to leave any of the people of the American continent more just, or happy, or free than they were when it began, unless, indeed, it should be waged for the resistance of a purely unprovoked invasion. Surely, then, if we are to have even a "spirited foreign policy," let it be undertaken for the purpose of preventing or redressing some great political oppression, and not for the sake of maintaining a doubtful interpretation of some confused engagement with a people at least as independent and free and a good deal happier than our own. If it be possible to settle the moot points between us and America, it is scarcely feasible to exaggerate the importance of doing so. It would make us far safer at home, if safety is what we want. It would make us far stronger abroad, if strength is what we want. It would establish a heartier feeling between two great branches of the same race. And it would prevent, or greatly postpone, the most inconceivably mischievous, hopeless, and murderous of all wars,—a war very nearly a civil war in character, but yet stimulated by all the jealousies of national rivalry.

And now, in General Schenck's mission, it would seem likely that we really are going to obtain a good opportunity of healing the old sore, and obtaining once more a cordial understanding with the United States. At least if we may trust all the reports which reach us from the

other side of the Atlantic, General Schenck is instructed to abandon all the more grotesque and absurd of the American positions on the Alabama question, and to ask, if not precisely for what we can give, yet for what at least there is a reasonable pretext for asking. It seems to be believed on all sides that he is not to ask for what may be called "general damages"—i.e., damages caused by the general comfort and encouragement given to the Confederate cause,—such as Mr. Sumner desired to claim; nor is he apparently to demand any formal apology. He is at most to ask for compensation for the losses caused by the escape of the Alabama and the other Confederate cruisers, and for such an adjustment of the law for the future that these complications may become, if not impossible, at least much more difficult.

Now, as far as we are concerned, we should see no difficulty in conceding at once the *special* damages caused by the escape of the Alabama, as distinguished from the other Confederate cruisers; nor in submitting to fair arbitration the question whether in the case of the other cruisers, the Georgia, Florida, Shenandoah, and the rest, we had really been guilty of the same sort of administrative negligence of which it is hardly possible to deny that, in the case of the Alabama, we were really guilty; nor, again, in earnestly and impartially discussing the question of any change in our municipal law and that of other countries, which might seem to promise relief from any such complications in future,—though we admit we are not very sanguine that any such change could be pointed out. And if only England can be persuaded to concede as much as, in our opinion, might be frankly conceded at once, we do not see why General Schenck should not solve the problem which has so long threatened to throw the two countries into war. Of course, we cannot and must not concede anything of the real justice of which we are not convinced. The practice of buying off an enemy is the most dangerous and fatal, as well as immoral, which can be proposed; and assuredly it will have no friends in this country. But we feel so sure that had we been at war,—and had an Alabama escaped from New York under the sort of circumstances under which this Alabama escaped from Liverpool,—England would never have ceased to denounce the gross negligence of America in the case, nor to believe it wilful, that there can be no real sacrifice of dignity in admitting at once the fault of

which our administration was guilty. And as for the other cruisers, though no case of this kind has yet been produced, or as far as we know, can be produced, it is only fair that where two countries differ so widely as to the evidence, it should be submitted to the judgment of an impartial umpire. At all events, unless the accounts from many quarters as to General Schenck's instructions are utterly belied, the new American Ambassador will bring us quite *reasonable*, though not perhaps

wholly admissible demands, — demands which we certainly ought to consider most gravely, and of which we should do well to yield frankly and freely all that we should ourselves feel called upon, in the same circumstances, to press. If we do so, General Schenck's mission may make England safer and stronger than she has ever been since the close of the Civil War in 1865, and will give her a reputation for moderation and candour as well.

BURNS.

ON RECEIVING A SPRIG OF HEATHER IN BLOSSOM.

No more these simple flowers belong
To Scottish maid and lover;
Sown in the common soil of song,
They bloom the wide world over.

In smiles and tears, in sun and showers,
The minstrel and the heather,
The deathless singer and the flowers
He sang of live together.

Wild heather-bells and Robert Burns!
The moorland flower and peasant!
How, at their mention, memory turns
Her pages old and pleasant!

The gray sky wears again its gold
And purple of adorning,
And manhood's noonday shadows hold
The dews of boyhood's morning.

The dews that washed the dust and soil
From off the wings of pleasure,
The sky that flecked the ground of toil
With golden threads of leisure.

I call to mind the summer day,
The early harvest mowing,
The sky with sun and clouds at play,
And flowers with breezes blowing.

I hear the blackbird in the corn,
The locust in the haying;
And, like the fabled hunter's horn,
Old tunes my heart is playing.

How oft that day, with fond delay,
I sought the maple's shadow,
And sang with Burns the hours away,
Forgetful of the meadow.

Bees hummed, birds twittered, overhead
I heard the squirrels leaping,
The good dog listened while I read,
And wagged his tail in keeping.

I watched him while in sportive mood
I read "The Twa Dogs" story,
And half believed he understood
The poet's allegory.

Sweet day, sweet songs! — The golden hours
Grew brighter for that singing,
From brook and bird and meadows flowers
A dearer welcome bringing.

New light on home-seen Nature beamed,
New glory over Woman;
And daily life and duty seemed
No longer poor and common.

I woke to find the simple truth
Of fact and feeling better
Than all the dreams that held my youth
A still repining debtor :

That Nature gives her handmaid, Art,
The themes of sweet discoursing;
The tender i'ys of the heart
In every tongue rehearsing.

Why dream of lands of gold and pearl,
Of loving knight and lady,
When farmer boy and barefoot girl
Were wandering there already ?

I saw through all familiar things
The romance underlying;
The joys and griefs that plume the wings
Of Fancy skyward flying.

I saw the same blithe day return,
The same sweet fall of even,
That rose on wooded Craigie-burn,
And sank on crystal Devon.

I matched with Scotland's heathery hills
The sweet brier and the clover;
With Ayr and Doon, my native rills,
Their wood-hymns chanting over.

O'er rank and pomp, as he had seen,
I saw the Man uprising;
No longer common or unclear,
The child of God's baptizing!

With clearer eyes I saw the worth
Of life among the lowly;
The Bible at his Cotter's hearth
Had made my own more holy.

And if at times an evil strain,
To lawless love appealing,
Broke in upon the sweet refrain
Of pure and healthful feeling.

It died upon the eye and ear,
No inward answer gaining;
No heart had I to see or hear
The discord and the staining.

Let those who never erred forget
His worth, in vain bewailings!
Sweet Soul of Song! — I own my debt
Uncancelled by his failings!

Lament who will the ribald line
Which tells his lapse from duty,
How kissed the maddening lips of wine
Of wanton ones of beauty;

But think, while falls that shade between
The erring one and Heaven,

That he who loved like Magdalen,
Like her may be forgiven.

Not his the song whose thunderous chime
Eternal echoes render, —
The mournful Tuscan's haunted rhyme,
And Milton's starry splendour!

But who his human heart has laid
To Nature's bosom nearer?
Who sweetened toil like him, or paid
To love a tribute dearer?

Through all his tuneful art, how strong
The human feeling gushes!
The very moonlight of his song
Is warm with smiles and blushes!

Give lettered pomp to teeth of Time,
So "Bonnie Doon" but tarry;
Blot out the Epic's stately rhyme,
But spare his Highland Mary.

John G. Whittier.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Gardener's Chronicle* has forwarded to that paper the following account of the condition of some of the nurseries near Paris, dated "Châtenay, Dec. 4, 1870. — I am sorry I have but sad news about the establishments; they are all deserted, and the magnificent collections are perishing. In detail I can only report of the establishments of MM. Croux and Durand Fils; the others near Bagneux, Châtillon, and Bourg-la-Reine we only passed several times at night, when marching to the batteries in course of erection, for the staying there during the daytime is not very agreeable on account of the shells from Vanvres, Montrouge, and Bicêtre. M. Croux's principal establishment at Châtenay is the quarters of the Staff of the Bavarian Artillery; the large Palm-house, sixty to eighty feet long, is occupied by the horses, the flower-tubs being made use of for cribs; the magnificent Conifers (Wellingtonias, Pinus Pinsapo, &c.), of which we found numbers of fine specimens, have all been cut down to form a fence along the road to Fontenay-aux-Roses, to prevent the French from having a look into our batteries from their forts. But the must sad sight is offered by the Jardin pour les études pomologiques, belonging to M. Croux, and situated near Aulnay. The beautifully trained fruit trees, after having been much broken by the pulling out of the wires, which were used for making gabions, are now completely eaten down by the 2,000 sheep and 80 to 100 cows shut up in the garden. Nor have the nurseries in the open field been spared; the stems of the young trees had to serve as stakes for gabions, while the branches were used for fagots. A similar sad sight is afforded at the branch establishment of M. Durand Fils, near Clamart; the greenhouses being, to a great ex-

tent, demolished by shot coming down here as thick as hail, and the plants they contain are dried up or frozen, for we had -6° R. = 18° F. the day before yesterday, and yesterday morning a considerable quantity of snow. It will be about the same with the other establishments not visited by me, and it may be taken for granted that the losses of these people are beyond replacement, and will bring many of them to the grave."

A CORRESPONDENT in Honolulu, after making a botanical tour in the Kaala range, says, "Botanizing on this island is not without considerable danger. Only imagine descending a steep decline of 70° , which had to be done chiefly by swinging from the roots of one tree to the branches of the next one below, and that at a height of 2,000 feet above the deep gorge beneath our feet." Nature, however, seems in all cases to provide a reward for her admirers, who voluntarily expose themselves to such dangers for the purpose of bringing to the eye of science her numerous hidden beauties, for the writer continues to say, he was not a little surprised by the discovery of a violet with splendid snow-white waxy flowers, some of which were almost half an inch in diameter and exquisitely perfumed. He considers it probably a variety of *Viola chamissoniana*, which he found in its ordinary state lower down in the forest; but the pure white flowers stretching out their long peduncles above the surrounding low undergrowth, and luxuriating in the full sunshine of an azure blue sky, far exceed in beauty those of *V. chamissoniana*, which are of the ordinary violet colour.

Nature.